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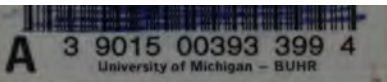
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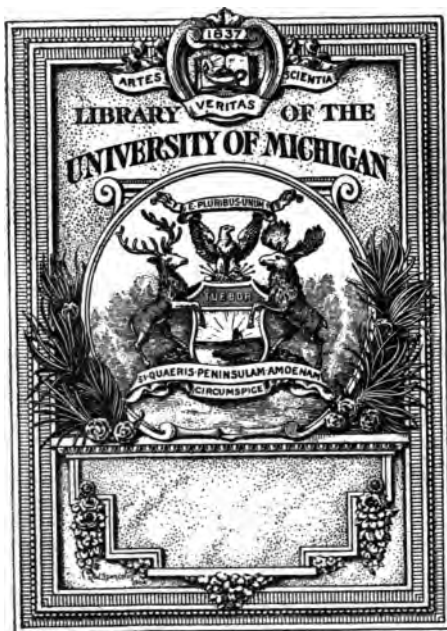
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## ENGLISH COMPOSITION

‘For as it is hurtful to drink wine or water alone ; and as wine mingled with water is pleasant, and delighteth the taste : even so speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story.’

—2 Maccabees xv. 39.

# ENGLISH COMPOSITION

A Manual of Theory and Practice

BY

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## PREFACE

It is not too much to say that, for a very long time, the soundness of the theory which assumes that the long and laborious study of the dead languages of Greece and old Rome, must needs result in a knowledge of the living tongue of England, has been taken for granted. But, surely, actual experience has taught us, on the contrary, that, to acquire a working knowledge of a language by any method, other than the simple plan of studying the language itself, is (in fact) a thing impossible.

The educational authorities of France and Germany have already arrived at this conclusion; and their school curriculum provides carefully graduated methods of instruction, ranging from the elements of the national tongue, to a complete system of the theory and practice of composition therein; methods which (as every teacher knows) do indisputably achieve their end: that of enabling the pupil to speak and to write his own language with facility, correctness, even with elegance. And, in so far as I have been able to adapt certain points in these methods to a different genius and tradition, I have been glad to borrow them.

Furthermore, I have many other obligations to

acknowledge: both to those scholars and critics whose labours in the great mine of English classics have sensibly lightened my own; and to those authors and publishers whose courtesy has enabled me to make whatever use of copyright work I desired. I have to thank Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie for her kind permission to quote certain passages from her father's works; Mr. Henley, for leave to use an essay taken from his *Views and Reviews*, and to draw upon his notable collection in *Lyra Heroica*; Mr. Henley again, and Mr. Charles Whibley, for leave to draw upon their collection in *A Book of English Prose*; Mr. Henry Craik, upon whose *English Prose Selections* I have drawn freely; Messrs. Cassell and Company, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Macmillan and Company, Mr. Murray, and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, for their courtesy in granting me permission to use extracts from copyright works published by them.

And should the study of this little work prove of service to the youth of England: in helping them a little way towards the understanding, appreciation, and use of that their rich inheritance, the English tongue; the author's ambition will have been achieved.

L. C. C.

BRIGHTON, June 1900.

## INTRODUCTION

INASMUCH as this book is devised (so far as its utility in schools is concerned) for the use of the trained teacher, I have arranged the lessons in the form of notes conveying information which the teacher may readily adapt to the understanding and attainments of any given pupil, or class of pupils ; and, for the same reason, I have selected the examples, with their corresponding exercises, so as to present as great a variety as my limits allowed. In so doing, I have necessarily confided much to the personal element in teaching ; but, as I need hardly say, there is no subject in the teaching of which the personal element does not count for a chief factor ; and in none, perhaps, more than in the teaching of Composition.

Generally speaking, therefore, every statement or observation in the text implies a previous question put by the teacher to the pupil ; a question so framed as to induce the pupil to arrive at the correct answer by a definite, individual effort of reflection. In practice, the answer, if answer there be, will in all probability go wide of the mark ; but the attempt to hit it, will at least have revealed a little part of the pupil's ignorance to himself ; and (after all) a conscious

ignorance is the primary condition of knowledge. Hence, the pupil is expected to use the notes and comments in the manual in preparing his work, *only*. He is not supposed to refer to them while in class; the notes being, as I have said, solely intended for the teacher's use, in the first instance; so that, in the second, they may form references for the pupil. The pupil is also expected to use both note-book and rough note-book freely: so that the notes taken in class (and afterwards compared with the book itself) and the final, corrected draft of the exercises, being fairly transcribed, should form a record which, at the close of his school course, should present his personal complement to the system of the theory and practice of composition as set forth in this manual.

I lay stress upon the importance of teaching by means of the study of examples drawn from the great body of the English Classics. For, no amount of practice in composition can avail, without the acquirement of a standard of taste both sound and catholic, which is attained through the intelligent appreciation of the work of masters.

Much space is devoted to the Story; both because the narrative is capable of including in its scope all other forms of composition, and because experience shows that the imagination of the younger pupils takes shape most readily in that particular form. The section dealing with the Essay has been designed, not only as an exposition of the general principles

governing that form of composition but, for the use of pupils who intend to undergo the examinations held in secondary schools by the various University or other examining bodies; and as a preliminary course for those entering for the Civil Service and Military competitive examinations.

As it is assumed throughout that the pupil has been thoroughly grounded in the principles of English grammar and punctuation, and as there are many excellent works extant dealing with these subjects, I have thought it unnecessary to touch upon them. I may say, however, that I have found no work upon grammar more useful for reference than Dr. W. B. Hodgson's *Errors in the Use of English*, published by Mr. David Douglas; and that, in matters of punctuation, a reference to the later works of Charles Dickens will afford as copious, and as easily accessible, a supply of examples of correct usage as I know.





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## I.

### THE ART OF EXPRESSION.

THE art of literature is, first of all, a means of expression, just as every art is, first of all, a means of expression. Whosoever has a sentiment to express, to clothe, to put into form, may choose for his purpose the vehicle of music, or of gesture, or of painting, or of sculpture, or of words. From the employment of words as a means of expression comes the art of literature; and the art of literature differs from the other arts in this—that it is an art which is constantly exercised by every one of us in daily life. If you think for a moment you will see that it must be so. For, the art of literature is nothing but a means of expression in words; and, we are using words for the expression of our needs and feelings, every day and all day long. Whether the words be spoken or written makes no difference. So that every one, in his own way, is an artist in literature. He may be a very bad artist; but an artist he is, whether he will or no. Ever since we began to learn to talk, we have been learning to exercise the art of literature; what we have now to do is to increase and perfect that beginning of knowledge. That is, we have to learn

how to express ourselves perfectly. And that is the object of lessons in composition.

For, the ordinary methods of expression we are in the habit of using in conversation, or in letter-writing, are hasty, inexact, and slovenly. You have only to compare your remembrance of the last conversation you held, or the last letter you wrote, with a dialogue, or a letter, in a book of the classic rank, such as Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, or Sir Walter Scott's *Redgauntlet*, to see clearly what I mean. Spoken English is the worst English; and the reason is, that, in ordinary life, we have no time to pick our words. We must use the first that present themselves; so that we come to use one word (such as 'nice'), to express a great variety of shades of meaning. But, when we sit down to write upon a given subject, we have time to define our own meaning clearly to ourselves, and to find the words which alone exactly express it. And in order to do so, it is necessary that we should become acquainted with the principles that govern the art of composition.

## II.

### THE SUBJECT.

The word *composition* is derived from the verb *to compose*; and *to compose* means to make something out of something else, or out of several things. If you would compose, you must first find a Subject. When you have found a subject, you have to Treat it. To Treat a subject, is to surround it with the facts,

ideas, sentiments, and circumstances that properly belong to it. These facts, ideas, sentiments, and circumstances are the different things, or ingredients, which go to make up your composition.

The pupil, or the class, should be induced to find the Subject of a given composition for themselves by means of question and answer. The composition must be stripped of its accessories, and the bare statement of the problem to be solved, the situation to be worked out, must be discovered and put into the briefest formula. In other words, the pupil may imagine himself to be *giving instructions* to the author; such instructions to be sufficiently full to enable the author, in following them out, to arrive at the composition in question, yet allowing him a necessary margin for his own choice of detail.

## THE CAT AND THE COCK.

EXAMPLE 1

*Æsop's Fables.* Sir Roger L'Estrange. (1616-1704.)

It was the hard fortune once of a Cock, to fall into the clutches of a Cat. Puss had a month's mind to be upon the bones of him, but was not willing to pick a quarrel, however, without some plausible colour for't. Sirrah (says she) what do you keep such a bawling and screaming a' nights for, that nobody can sleep near you. Alas, says the Cock, I never wake anybody, but when 'tis time for people to rise and go about their business. Come, come, says Puss, without any more ado, 'tis time for me to go to breakfast, and cats don't live upon dialogues; at which word she gave him a pinch, and so made an end, both of the Cock, and of the story.



## EXAMPLE 1 REDUCED TO ITS SUBJECT.

## THE CAT AND THE COCK.

**SUBJECT**     *A Cat, having seized a Cock, seeks, and finds, an excuse to devour him.*

**TREATMENT**     The *Treatment* consists in the invention of the little dialogue, which is artfully contrived to exhibit the unscrupulous character of the cat; whence the fabulist draws his moral.

## EXAMPLE 2

## LOCHINVAR.

Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832.)

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;  
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,  
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar !'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;  
And now I am come with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,  
'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, 'Twere better by far,  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood  
near ;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprang !  
'She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

## EXAMPLE 2 REDUCED TO ITS SUBJECT.

## LOCHINVAR.

**SUBJECT**     *Lochinvar, a gallant young gentleman, having fallen in love with the fair daughter of another clan than his own, is denied his suit by her father, who arranges a marriage for her. But, in the nick of time, Lochinvar finds a way to win the lady.*

**TREATMENT**   The subject is Treated in verse instead of prose; setting, as it were, the action of the piece to music. In his treatment, the author arms his hero with broadsword, mounts him on a swift horse, and starts him riding at speed across country. The scene of Lochinvar's exploit is laid in the lawless Border country; he enters the hall of the bride's house on the very day of the wedding, when the house is crowded with kinsfolk. The lady is willing and courageous; the gentleman whom she was about to marry is a futile person who resigns himself to see her carried off before his eyes; and the composition ends, as it began, in a wild race 'overthwart and endlong' (to use the old romancers' phrase), that is won by Lochinvar.

There are twenty different ways of treating the subject. This particular way was that which seemed to Sir Walter Scott the best. It would be hard to find a better.

## SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

EXAMPLE 3

Thomas Campbell. (1777-1844.)

I LOVE contemplating, apart  
From all his homicidal glory,  
The traits that soften to our heart  
Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne  
Armed in our island every freeman,  
His navy chanced to capture one  
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,  
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;  
And aye was bent his longing brow  
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
Of birds to Britain half-way over  
With envy ; *they* could reach the white  
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
If but the storm his vessel brought  
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The live-long day laborious ; lurking  
Until he launched a tiny boat  
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description, wretched : such a wherry  
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,  
It would have made the boldest shudder ;  
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,  
No sail—no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;  
And thus equipped he would have passed  
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,  
His little Argo sorely jeering ;  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace and danger ;  
And, in his wonted attitude,  
Addressed the stranger :—

'Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ;  
Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
Must be impassioned.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad ;  
'But—absent long from one another—  
Great was the longing that I had  
To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,  
'Ye've both my favour fairly won ;  
A noble mother must have bred  
So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
 He should be shipped to England Old,  
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;  
 But *never* changed the coin and gift  
 Of Bonaparté.

### EXAMPLE 3 REDUCED TO ITS SUBJECT.

#### SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

*An English sailor is taken prisoner, in time of war, by the French, and kept upon the French coast. He longs to see his mother again ; and contrives a highly unseaworthy little boat, wherein to cross the Channel. His attempt is discovered, and the incident is brought to the notice of the Emperor Napoleon. That great man shows mercy to his prisoner.* SUBJECT

The Treatment is in verse, giving a musical, or TREATMENT  
 at least rhythmical, setting to the action, which is intended to be pathetic. The author's design is to exhibit Napoleon under the influence of a generous impulse. So he takes an English common sailor, and inspires him with the desire that is most likely to be appreciated by a Frenchman—the laudable desire to return to his mother. To accomplish his end, the sailor will cheerfully risk his life in a cask on the open sea. Sure enough, Napoleon is affected by this singular instance of devotion ; and, he not

only restores the excellent mariner to freedom but, bestows upon him a piece of gold, as a symbol of their common humanity.

## SAMPLE 4

## THE OLD NAVY.

Frederick Marryatt. (1792-1848.)

THE captain stood on the carronade: 'First lieutenant,' says he,

'Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me; I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*, 'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*; I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!'

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;

'I little thought,' said he, 'that your men were of such stuff;'

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made  
to *he*;

'I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish  
to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been  
to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the  
victory !'

Our captain sent for all of us : 'My merry men,' said he,  
'I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be :  
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to  
his gun ;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged  
each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm  
at sea,

I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory !'

#### EXAMPLE 4 REDUCED TO ITS SUBJECT.

##### THE OLD NAVY.

*A Sea-fight a hundred years ago, between an English* SUBJECT  
*ship and a Frenchman. The English win. The English*  
*captain addresses his crew before and after the fight.*

The Treatment is again in verse, doggerel verse TREATMEN  
that goes to a rollicking measure, and allows of the  
use of nautical slang. The author, desiring to present  
a typical characteristic of the old-time Navy briefly  
and vividly, puts the story in the mouth of a common  
seaman, who recounts what the English captain said  
to his crew by way of encouragement, what the



French captain said when he was beaten, the English captain's courteous answer, and, finally, his thanks to his ship's company.

Sea-fights have been treated by innumerable authors in innumerable ways. Here is one that stands by itself in the brilliance and certainty of its method of treatment.

### III.

#### THE FOUR ESSENTIAL FACTORS OF COMPOSITION.

The adjective *essential* applied to a substantive, means that without which the thing denoted by such substantive could not exist. There are, then, four *Factors*, or things which *do* something, which are necessary for the *being*, or existence, of a perfect Composition. These are:—

- I. Invention.
- II. Selection.
- III. Disposition.
- IV. Diction.

I. *Invention*. Invention is the result of the working of the Imagination. Imagination is image-making power. It is a quality possessed, in varying measure, by all. Without it, the learning, not only of composition but, of any lesson, would be impossible. It is the quality by means of which we image, or picture to ourselves, something that we have already

known or seen. The extent, or range, therefore, of our imagination may be said to depend upon our stock of knowledge. We have five gates, or ports, of knowledge.

The first process, the first thing to be *done*, then, in the making of a composition, is to let our imagination do its work. All *we* have to do, is to concentrate our minds on the subject. Imagination will do the rest; but, the result of its working will depend upon the amount of knowledge which *we* have previously acquired. So that the measure of success in composition depends, first of all, upon the measure of our alertness and industry in other affairs. In other words, composition is a test of *character*.

II. *Selection*. Selection is the process of selecting, or choosing, out of the numerous facts, ideas, sentiments and circumstances which Imagination presents to us for our use in treating the subject, only those that are strictly appropriate to the particular kind of composition we have in hand. Imagination, having completed its task, and provided us with material, we send it to rest, and set another quality to work—Judgment. Judgment has to *select*, or sort out, from the mass of material provided by Imagination, those things which it wants, firmly rejecting all else, however attractive it may be.

For Invention, then, we set in motion the faculty of Imagination. For Selection, the faculty of Judgment.

III. *Disposition*. The noun *Disposition* is derived

from the verb *to dispose*, which means to set in proper places, to set in order, to arrange. Disposition, then, is the process of setting in their right order the materials already *selected* for the composition. Invention and Selection having done their work, we assume that the composition is, by this time, actually written. The next thing to do is to see that the different parts of the composition are arranged in that order which most clearly expresses what we have to say. To the rules which help us to find that order we shall come presently.

To the faculties, then, of Imagination, for Invention, and of Judgment, for Selection, we add the faculty of Method, for Disposition.

IV. *Diction*. The word *Diction* means the style, or kind, of language; the *wording* of a composition.

Having invented all the material we could possibly use in our composition, selected what material we require, and arranged it in the right order, we have now to attend to the Diction, the actual words we have used. We have to find those words which exactly convey our exact meaning. And, in each case, out of a number of words meaning nearly, *but not quite*, the same thing, we are to remember that there is never more than *one* word which can exactly convey our exact meaning. The power of arriving at the right Diction largely depends upon Taste; and Taste is formed by the careful study of the best examples in literature. Thus, to the faculties set in motion to produce a composition, Imagination,

Judgment, Method, we add the one that gives to the others all their value—Taste.

To sum up:—The Four Essential Factors of Composition are; *First*, what you *might* say. *Second*, what you *will* say. *Third*, in what *order* you will say it. *Fourth*, *how* you will say it.

The pupil should be induced to resolve the four following examples for himself into the Four Essential Factors, and concisely to express the result.

### MORTE D'ARTHUR.

EXAMPLE 5

Sir Thomas Malory.

BOOK I. CHAPTER XI.

*Of a dream of the king with the hundred knights.*

So by Merlin's advice there were sent fore-riders to skim the country, and they met with the fore-riders of the north, and made them to tell which way the host came, and then they told it to Arthur, and by king Ban and Bor's counsel they let burn and destroy all the country afore them where they should ride.

The king with the hundred knights dreamed a wonder dream two nights afore the battle, that there blew a great wind, and blew down their castles and their towns, and after that came a water and bare it all away. All that heard of the dream said it was a token of great battle. Then, by counsel of Merlin, when they wist which way the eleven kings would ride and lodge that night, at midnight they set upon them, as they were in their pavilions. But the scout-watch by their host cried, Lords! at arms! for here be your enemies at your hand!

## EXAMPLE 5. THE FOUR ESSENTIAL FACTORS.

## THE DREAM OF THE KING WITH THE HUNDRED KNIGHTS.

*Invention.* Two great contending armies are advancing towards each other. The two divisions of King Arthur's army send out scouts; and after their report, the country in front of the opposing army is laid waste. Then one of King Arthur's allies, the King with the Hundred Knights, dreams a marvellous dream of a tempest, that is taken as an omen. And, encouraged by that omen, King Arthur's army falls upon the vanguard of his enemies.

*Selection.* Out of the thousand incidents that befall in war-time, the author (to suit the main purpose of his story) selects the incidents of scouting, and of laying waste the country before the enemy, to deprive them of sustenance. And out of the thousand happenings in a mixed camp of kings great and little, knights and men-at-arms, on the eve of a disastrous battle, the author (still mindful of the main purpose of his story) chooses the dream of the King with the Hundred Knights for relation.

*Disposition.* The scouting and laying waste is related *before* the dream, thus bringing affairs very near the catastrophe, which the dream precipitates.

*Diction.* The diction is the brief, abrupt, picturesque diction of the fifteenth century. The pictures are presented as vividly and in as few words as possible. A military manœuvre, which must have occupied

several days, is related in a sentence. The dream itself is told in a sentence. . . . 'There blew a great wind, and blew down their castles and their towns, and after that there came a water and bare it all away.' In two lightning glimpses, we are shown a whole vast landscape of tempest and flood. Note the relative positions of the words, and the emphatic, musical rhythm resulting from their arrangement.

## AN OLD MAN'S MISADVENTURE.

EXAMPLE 6

Thomas Harman. (1567.)

I HAD of late years an old man to my tenant, who customably a great time went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or with peascods, when time served therefor. And as he was coming homeward on Blackheath, at the end thereof next to Shooters' Hill, he overtook two rufflers,<sup>1</sup> the one mannerly waiting on the other, as one had been the master, and the other the man or servant, carrying his master's cloak. This old man was very glad that he might have their company over the Hill, because that day he had made a good market; for he had seven shillings in his purse, and an old angel, which this poor man had thought had not been in his purse, for he willed his wife over night to take out the same angel, and lay it up until his coming home again. And he verily thought that his wife had so done, which indeed forgot to do it. Thus after salutations had, this master ruffler entered into communication with this simple old man, who, riding softly beside them, communed of many matters. Thus feeding this old man with pleasant talk, until they were

<sup>1</sup> Part foot-pad, part cheat, part beggar.

on the top of the Hill, where these rufflers might well behold the coast about them clear, quickly steps unto this poor man, and taketh hold of his horse-bridle, and leadeth him into the wood, and demandeth of him what and how much money he had in his purse. 'Now, by my troth,' quoth this old man; 'you are a merry gentleman. I know you mean not to take away anything from me, but rather to give me some if I should ask it of you.' By and by, this servant thief casteth the cloak that he carried on his arm about this poor man's face, that he should not mark or view them, with sharp words to deliver quickly that he had, and to confess truly what was in his purse. This poor man, then all abashed, yielded, and confessed that he had but just seven shillings in his purse; and the truth is he knew of no more. This old angel was fallen out of a little purse into the bottom of a great purse. Now, this seven shillings in white money they quickly found, thinking indeed that there had been no more; yet farther groping and searching, found this old angel. And with great admiration this gentleman thief began to bless him, saying: 'Good Lord, what a world is this! How may' (quoth he) 'a man believe or trust in the same? See you not' (quoth he) 'this old knave told me that he had but seven shillings, and here is more by an angel: what an old knave and a false knave have we here!' quoth this ruffler; 'Our Lord have mercy on us, will this world never be better?'—and therewith went their way. And left the old man in the wood, doing him no more harm. But sorrowfully sighing, this old man, returning home, declared his misadventure, with all the words and circumstances above showed. Whereat for the time was great laughing, and this poor man for his losses among his loving neighbours well considered in the end.

## EXAMPLE 6. THE FOUR ESSENTIAL FACTORS.

## AN OLD MAN'S MISADVENTURE.

*Invention.* The Subject is A Highway Robbery. The author chooses to present to us, as the victim, an old, innocent countryman, who had a gold coin in his purse; a circumstance he had forgotten. Upon this little contrivance of the forgotten coin hinges the character interest of the piece, as its introduction enables the thief to rebuke the honest man. The highwaymen are common footpads; the entering into pleasant conversation, and the cloak business, are among the familiar tricks of the gentlemen of the road.

*Selection.* Out of the many circumstances the author *might* have used to illustrate the old man's character, he chooses only those recounted in the first sentence, because these suffice for the scope of the story. He omits all details of the highwaymen's personal appearance; because the only detail that is of any present service to him, is, that one thief carried a cloak. In the same way, all the conversation that passed between the thieves and their victim is omitted, except that part of it which bears on the matter in hand. All description of scenery is omitted. It is enough if there be a hill and a wood—any hill, or any wood, will serve. By considering what the author has omitted, and why he has omitted it, we are able to appreciate his reasons for selecting what



material he *has* presented to us ; and this analysis will help us when we come ourselves to the process of Selection.

*Diction.* The sentences are of simple construction, the language plain and direct, yet forcible ; and, as in all classic literature, the words are so arranged as to fall musically upon the ear. Read a sentence aloud for the sake of the sound, noting the accents, without any thought of the meaning, and hearken to the musical fall of the syllables.

‘Thús after sálutations hád, this máster rúffler éntered into cómmúnícation with this simple old mán, whó, ríding sóftly besíde them, cómmúned of máný mátters.’

The whole passage, with its easy and harmonious flow, both of meaning and sound, is a model of narrative writing.

#### AMPLE 7

### MORTE DARTHUR.

Sir Thomas Malory.

BOOK III. CHAPTER I.

*How king Arthur took a wife, and wedded Guenever, daughter to Leodegrance, king of the land of Camelard, with whom he had the Round Table.*

IN the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace,—for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon’s son, but as Merlin made it openly known,—many kings and lords made great war against him for that cause ; but well Arthur overcame them all ; for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time

king Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said king Arthur, I love Guenever, the daughter of king Leodegrance, of the land of Cameliard, which Leodegrance holdeth in his house the Table Round, that ye told he had of my father, Uther. And this damsel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live. But and ye loved her not so well as ye do, I could find you a damsel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you, and your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return. That is truth, said king Arthur. But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of the Sangreal. Then Merlin desired of the king to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him. And Merlin went forth to king Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said king Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands I will give him wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enough, him needeth none, but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so king

Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round, with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

#### EXAMPLE 7. THE FOUR ESSENTIAL FACTORS.

*How king Arthur took a wife, and wedded Guenever, daughter to Leodegrance, king of the land of Cameliard, with whom he had the Round Table.*

*Invention.* These extracts (although more or less complete in themselves) being taken from complete works, it is necessary, in considering them, to have regard to the author's whole design. Thus, in the end of the long, epical romance from which this example is selected, the author shows how disaster came upon King Arthur through his Queen. That the reader may be prepared for the catastrophe from the beginning, the author makes Merlin, the magician and soothsayer, warn the king; and in order to show the working of the king's destiny, the irresistible pursuit of fate, he shows us how the king's heart was set, so that no warning might avail. 'The implication of causes was from eternity spinning the thread.'<sup>1</sup> Fate, as it were, lays a snare for the guileless king; for, the lady was most beautiful and virtuous, and her father, Leodegrance, King of Cameliard, a worthy ally. Moreover, King Arthur receives with the bride who was to be the cause of his downfall, the famous Round

<sup>1</sup> M. Antoninus x. 5.

Table, which came to be the symbol of his power, and a hundred noble knights, who made the foundation of his greatness.

*Selection.* The author chooses rather to give the conversation between Merlin and the King, than the persuasions and entreaties of the barons, which led the King to seek Merlin's advice. It is sufficient, for the purposes of the story, to compress the whole business with the barons (which may have occupied months in time) into one sub-division of a sentence; whereas the dialogue between the King and his adviser is given fully, up to the point where Merlin changes the subject. Here, again, a deal of talk is compressed into a line: '. . . and so he turned his tale to the adventures of the Sangreal.' Then the whole business of Merlin's provision of a fitting escort, and his journey to Camelopard, is disposed of in two lines; whereas King Leodegrance's answer is fully told. Then, again, the return journey is related—and beautifully and sufficiently related—in a sentence. It is in these omissions and compressions that the art of the story-teller largely consists. To perceive, out of the many things that—given the starting-point—*must* have happened, what to omit, what to tell briefly, and what to dwell upon at large; this is that art of selection, upon which the whole effect of any work depends. The reason is, that the human mind is incapable of dealing with more than one thing at a time. Hence, every detail that does not help to make clearer the one particular meaning, or part of the

meaning, with which you are employed, must of necessity obscure it. Consider, for instance, what is the author's intention in the above Example; remark how everything he says helps to make it clear, and to produce the effect he desires; then imagine the same passage loaded with all the detail he might have put in, but did not; and then compare the two.

*Disposition.* The arrangement is simply that of straightforward narrative, the events related in their order as they befell; except in the first sentence, where there is an awkward parenthesis, put in to explain what should have been explained before. Such a parenthesis is nothing but a slovenly way of getting out of a difficulty.

*Diction.* Note that the number of short words makes the sentences run briskly, with a *staccato* effect of rhythm. The construction is artless; the author went rather by what his ear told him was musical, than by the rules of syntax. What *we* have to do is to combine musical rhythm with right syntax. Consider the effect upon both eye and ear of the juxtaposition of words in such a sentence as the last. ' . . . And so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.' The author has the whole picture of that triumphal progress present in his mind; and he indicates as much thereof as he deems it necessary for us to see, in a set of words that harmonise and set each other off, like colours.

## BEL AND THE DRAGON

EXAMPLE I

## Apocrypha.

*The fraud of Bel's priests is discovered by Daniel, and the Dragon slain, which was worshipped.*

AND king Astyages was gathered to his fathers, and Cyrus of Persia received his kingdom. And Daniel conversed with the king, and was honoured above all his friends.

Now the Babylonians had an idol, called Bel, and there were spent upon him every day twelve great measures of fine flour, and forty sheep, and six vessels of wine. And the king worshipped it, and went daily to adore it: but Daniel worshipped his own God.

And the king said unto him, Why dost not thou worship Bel? Who answered and said, Because I may not worship idols made with hands, but the living God, who hath created the heaven and the earth, and hath sovereignty over all flesh. Then said the king unto him, Thinkest thou not that Bel is a living God? seest thou not how much he eateth and drinketh every day? Then Daniel smiled, and said, O king, be not deceived; for this is but clay within, and brass without, and did never eat nor drink anything.

So the king was wroth, and called for his priests, and said unto them, If ye tell me not who this is that devoureth these expences, ye shall die. But if ye can certify me that Bel devoureth them, then Daniel shall die: for he hath spoken blasphemy against Bel. And Daniel said unto the king, Let it be according to thy word.

Now the priests of Bel were threescore and ten, beside their wives and children. And the king went with Daniel into the temple of Bel. So Bel's priests said, Lo, we go out: but thou, O king, set on the meat, and make ready

the wine, and shut the door fast, and seal it with thine own signet ; and to-morrow when thou comest in, if thou findest not that Bel hath eaten up all, we will suffer death : or else Daniel, that speaketh falsely against us. And they little regarded it : for under the table they had made a privy entrance, whereby they entered in continually, and consumed those things. So when they were gone forth, the king set meats before Bel. Now Daniel had commanded his servants to bring ashes, and those they strewed throughout all the temple in the presence of the king alone : then went they out, and shut the door, and sealed it with the king's signet, and so departed.

Now in the night came the priests with their wives and children, as they were wont to do, and did eat and drink up all. In the morning betime the king arose, and Daniel with him. And the king said, Daniel, are the seals whole ? And he said, Yea, O king, they be whole. And as soon as he had opened the door, the king looked upon the table, and cried with a loud voice, Great art thou, O Bel, and with thee is no deceit at all. Then laughed Daniel, and held the king that he should not go in, and said, Behold now the pavement, and mark well whose footsteps are these. And the king said, I see the footsteps of men, women, and children. And then the king was angry. And took the priests with their wives and children, who showed him the privy doors, where they came in, and consumed such things as were upon the table. Therefore the king slew them, and delivered Bel into Daniel's power, who destroyed him and his temple.

And in that same place there was a great dragon, which they of Babylon worshipped. And the king said unto Daniel, Wilt thou also say that this is of brass ? lo, he liveth, he eateth and drinketh ; thou canst not say that he is no living god : therefore worship him. Then said Daniel unto the king, I will worship the Lord my God : for he is the living God. But give me leave, O king, and I shall

slay this dragon without sword or staff. The king said, I give thee leave. Then Daniel took pitch, and fat, and hair, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof: this he put in the dragon's mouth, and so the dragon burst in sunder: and Daniel said, Lo, these are the gods ye worship.

#### EXAMPLE 8. THE FOUR ESSENTIAL FACTORS.

##### BEL AND THE DRAGON.

*Invention.* The word *Invention* must not be taken to mean something that did not happen, although it means that too. It stands for the *combination* of the events of history, or legend, into the form of narrative or dramatic situation. In this sense the historian often shows as much invention as the romancer—sometimes more. And the story of Bel and the Dragon is a combination of certain incidents in history or legend, or both, by a skilled story-teller, who knows how to make the best use of his material. The story is essentially *dramatic*; that is, it deals with opposing *moral* forces. Daniel, the man of clear insight and right understanding, is opposed to Cyrus the King and his horde of priests, representing superstition and imposture. The author does not make Daniel reason with the forces he sets himself to overthrow, because these are naturally deaf to reason. But, he masks the prophet with the smile of scorn; he makes him to scoff; and causes him to invent a trap for the priests. These (very carelessly) fall into it; and so, when the King actually



beholds with his eyes the footprints in the ashes, he is convinced. And then the King (who seems to be gifted with the sporting instinct) challenges the victorious Daniel to dispose of the Dragon. He does so, neatly enough; though the chemistry of that explosive victory seems a little obscure. And the triumph of the man of insight is complete.

*Selection.* The story being essentially dramatic, having for its motive power the conflict of Reason and Faith with Unreason and Superstition, depends for its interest upon Action. Hence, we find the author discarding all accessories of scenery, and even omitting descriptions of the persons acting. We are not given any picture of the King's Palace, or the Temple, or the Idol, or the Dragon. We are left to picture for ourselves the personal appearance of Cyrus the King, and of Daniel. For, if these things had been presented to us, however interesting they might have been in themselves, they must inevitably have diverted attention from the *Action*, and so the effect the author designed to achieve would have been weakened.

So Cyrus succeeds the dead Astryages in one sentence. Daniel gains all friendship and honour from the King in another. Then the drama begins, and the daily sacrifice of the Idol is enumerated in detail, and the dialogue between Daniel and the King is fully related. So the piece proceeds; wherever the least incident vitally affects the main action, it is minutely told, as in the details concerning the

number of the priests, the meat and flour and wine, the sealing of the doors, and the strewing of the ashes; wherever the course of events but lightly touches the main action, it is compressed until it serves its purpose, no more and no less, as in the calling of the priests together, the coming of the King to the Temple, the secret expedition of the priests and their families to secure the victuals.

The story is largely conveyed in dialogue; yet all dialogue that does not directly contribute to the story is entirely omitted. And there is no note at all of the time that elapsed between the slaying of the priests and the destruction of the Idol and its temple, and the administering of that fatal bolus to the Dragon, because it does not matter when these things took place.

*Disposition.* The arrangement is again that of simple narrative, the incidents being related in the order in which they befell. The Introduction is compressed into the first four sentences; the Conclusion is the majestic words of Daniel: ‘. . . Lo, these are the gods ye worship.’

*Diction.* The diction is the diction of the English Bible, the noble and imperishable monument of the English tongue. The evolution of the Authorised Version lasted (roughly speaking) for a hundred years—from Tyndale’s first translation, to the version of King James the First’s forty-seven scholars, completed in 1611. ‘It is the result of at least six several versions, conducted under varied circum-

stances of the history of the English Church, . . . and executed by the ripest scholars in England, aided directly or indirectly by the most accomplished Biblical critics in Europe.'<sup>1</sup>

The immense labours of generations of scholars, extending over a long period, brought to this mighty work all learning and wisdom and eloquence, purging it at the same time of all dross and superfluity. The grammar is not invariably faultless. But of skilful construction, cunning adaptation of every resource of the language to varying purposes, musical rhythm, and opulence of diction, the Bible is the great example in our literature.

Let the pupil take the story of Bel and the Dragon (or indeed any other episode in the Bible) and endeavour to tell it in fewer words, without losing any of the force of the original. He will then begin to appreciate the superb workmanship; for, there is no surer test of excellence.

#### IV.

#### THE FIVE ORDERS OF COMPOSITION. DEFINITIONS.

- I. Story.
- II. Description.
- III. Dialogue.
- IV. Letter.
- V. Essay.

Of these, the second, third and fourth might have been included under Story; and Dialogue and Story,

<sup>1</sup> *The English Bible.* The Ven. Henry Woolcombe.

and Letter and Story, are of course interchangeable denominations, under certain conditions. But, for convenience of treatment, the various kinds of composition are grouped as above.

I. A Story may be defined as:—a Problem, or Puzzle. Without a Problem (however simple) to solve, there can be no story. Take any story that occurs to you, and you will find that it contains a Problem to be solved by the action of the story. The definition may be completed thus:—A Problem, or Puzzle, that is solved by an Incident, or series of Incidents, surrounded by appropriate Circumstances. The Incident, or series of Incidents, with the Circumstances, form the steps in the process of the solution of the Problem. An incident is anything that befalls, or happens. A series of incidents, is a succession of incidents linked to each other. Appropriate, is that which properly belongs to any particular purpose, person, or thing. Circumstance, is anything surrounding, or in any manner attending, accompanying, or connected with an incident; in the plural, the whole surrounding situation of affairs.

II. A Description is a picture in words.

III. A Dialogue is a conversation between two persons.

IV. A Letter is a written conversation between persons separated by distance.

V. An Essay is the demonstration, the making plain, or illustration, of a particular truth, idea, or sentiment.

## V.

## THE FIVE ORDERS OF COMPOSITION. EXAMPLES.

I. *Story*. A story is (as we have seen) a Problem, or Puzzle, that is solved by an Incident, or series of Incidents, attended by appropriate Circumstances: the incident, or series of incidents, and the circumstances, forming the steps in the process of the solution of the Problem or Puzzle. Every story must of necessity be composed of three parts. It must have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. Every kind of composition has these three main divisions. In the case of a story, these divisions have the following names. The beginning is called the Introduction, or Statement of the Problem: the middle, the Action, or Evolution of the Problem: the end, the Conclusion, or Solution of the Problem.

The Introduction *introduces* the reader to the persons, events, things, and circumstances, whose combination goes to make up the Problem of which the story consists. Thus, the introduction states the Problem. It makes plain to the reader the situation (as it is called) whence the story proceeds, or is evolved. It presents to the reader the various threads, whose weaving and unweaving make the process of the story.

The Evolution, or Action, is called by the French the *nœud*, or knot. It shows the persons, events,

things and circumstances in *action*; *evolving*, or bringing about a certain result; that is, acting and re-acting upon each other in a certain way, until a certain definite consequence results; solving the problem by degrees; making as it were a *knot*, or tangle, which is gradually unravelled.

The Conclusion shows the Solution; the last threads of the knot, or tangle, gathered up and (as it were) neatly finished off; the Problem solved. The French, defining this final process, call it the *Dénouement*; which is a better, because a more descriptive, word than ours.

Thus, we may liken the process of telling a story to a man holding a tangled skein of coloured threads, which he unravels before us. First, he displays the skein, points out and names the threads, and shows in what manner they cross and intertwine. That answers to the Introduction, or Statement. Next, he unravels the tangle, thread by thread. Sometimes he begins by artfully twisting the threads into a knot before he disentangles them. But always he must disentangle them before he has done. That answers to the Action, *nœud*, or knot, or Evolution. The French word, one remarks, describes the *thing itself*. Our word describes what is *done to* the thing. Taken together, the words give a clear idea of what the middle of a story really consists. Last of all, the man with the skein gathers up the loose ends and ties them neatly together; and that answers to the Conclusion, or Solution.

## EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES.

The pupil should be set to write a short Story—or Description, or Dialogue, or Letter, or Essay, as the case may be—upon the same subject as that treated of in the Example adduced. He should be encouraged to begin by fixing his attention upon the Subject selected, and allowing his Imagination to have free play. At the same time, he should accustom himself to jot down in his rough note-book the ideas that occur to him. The teacher should then—*not before*—discuss with him the notion he proposes to work out, giving him hints as to its proper treatment, and, if necessary, advising him as to what books, or other sources of information, he may find useful. The pupil may then be left to work out his subject as best he can; and, when he has finished the first draft, the teacher may go through his work with him, pointing out defects, *and the reason why they are defects*, and suggesting improvements. The pupil should then make his corrections, which should be submitted to the teacher. The pupil should then write the fair copy of his composition in his record note-book. The teacher, after inspecting the fair copy with an eye to neatness, caligraphy and spelling, and making final comments, should assist the pupil to compare his work with the Example; showing him in what manner his work falls short of the merits of the model.

The Examples are chosen from the work of writers,

who, in their several ways, are masters of their art; in order that the study of classic work should cultivate the taste of the pupil, and endow him with a standard of excellence; by which he will insensibly learn both to measure his own performances, and the mass of modern literature that invites his attention.

As this method of teaching is intended to be followed in taking the pupil through the course of the Five Orders of Composition, it is needless to repeat its explanation.

And, as it is impossible, lacking the work of the pupil, to draw that comparison between his work and the model, which is a chief element of value in this method of tuition; I have confined myself to such brief observations upon the Subjects and their Examples, as practical experience has shown to be most useful to the teacher, and most likely to meet the wants of the pupil. And experience has also taught that the faults committed by any given number of beginners, are all much of the same pattern.

#### AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ADVERSARY.

EXAMPLE 9

John Bunyan. (1628-1688.)

*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

BUT now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet



him : his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts ; therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground ; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now, the monster was hideous to behold : he was clothed with scales like a fish, and they are his pride ; he had wings like a dragon and feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke ; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him :

APOLLYON. Whence come you, and whither are you bound ?

CHRISTIAN. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOLLYON. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects ; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king ? Were it not that I hope that thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHRISTIAN. I was indeed born in your dominions ; but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on ; for the wages of sin is death (Rom. vi. 23) ; therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

APOLLYON. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee ; but, since

thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back, and what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

CHRISTIAN. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes ; and how can I with fairness go back with thee ? . . .

APOLLYON. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, 'I am an enemy to this Prince ; I hate His person, His laws, and people. I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.'

CHRISTIAN. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness : therefore take heed to yourself.

APOLLYON. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, 'I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die ; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther : here will I spill thy soul.' And, with that, he threw a flaming dart at his breast ; but Christian held a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him ; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail, by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back ; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall ; and, with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, 'I am sure of

thee now.' And, with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise' (Mic. vii. 8); and with that, gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, 'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us' (Rom. viii. 37). And, with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more. (James iv. 7.)

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight: he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward; but it was the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

### EXERCISE I. EXAMPLE 9.

#### AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ADVERSARY.

Here the Problem of the Story is that of the eternal conflict between good and evil. How shall the virtuous man prevail upon the powers of evil? or, conversely, how shall the dark powers vanquish the powers of light? The Subject chosen to show the evolution of the Problem is, a typical encounter

between the two. Bunyan embodies the power of virtue in his hero, the man Christian; and the power of evil in the picturesque, mediæval, monstrous figure of Apollyon. That is only one way of treating the subject—the allegorical. There are, of course, many others. The pupil, having his Problem given to him, may choose his subject, situation, persons, incidents, setting and circumstances, as he will.

Let him, then, steadily regard his Problem as A Conflict—mental, or spiritual, or physical, or all the three. Let him invent, or adopt, a Situation for his Subject; let him choose his persons accordingly, so that the incidents of the story may be the actions which such persons, placed in such a situation, would naturally perform; and let him surround them with circumstances appropriate to themselves, the incidents, and the situation. Let him be guided in the progress of his work by the teacher, in the manner I have already indicated; and, when it is finished, let comparison be made with the Example, selecting certain definite, salient points for such comparison.

For instance: Bunyan's invention of a subject and its situation, to illustrate his problem, is both strong and brilliant. Both Man and his Enemy are grimly resolute; they fight a good fight. His Persons are aptly chosen: the Man, humble, but filled with faith in his cause; not without fear, but girding himself with courage: the Enemy, loud, fierce, arrogant, terrifying to behold, yet not invincible. His Incidents fall out accordingly; the two antagonists begin by

sharp dispute in words; and fall to blows as the necessary outcome of their irremediable quarrel. Note the fire and eloquence of their argument; and the sustained fury of their combat. His circumstances are chosen with a rigid economy of detail, that the vigour of the action may not be impeded. There is no description of the surrounding landscape; but, we learn fully of the appearance and equipment of the Adversary; and every detail of the fight—the darts, the shield, the two-edged sword, the ‘yelling and hideous roaring’—is vividly presented.

The author’s selection of what incidents to record, out of the innumerable incidents that befell during a combat which ‘lasted for above half a day,’ is noteworthy. We have just enough. I do not think one would care to know much more of the fight; but, no one could desire to know less.

The Disposition is the order in which events befell, as the best for the author’s purpose.

His Diction is worthy of all study. His English is terse, vivid, homely, idiomatic; ‘as fresh and clean and wholesome as a morning meadow, as redolent of England as a new-turned clod.’ Remark such phrases as:—‘he beheld him with a disdainful countenance . . . a grievous rage . . . he saw it was time to bestir him . . . followed his work amain . . . a full end of this good man . . . spread forth his dragon’s wings, and sped him away . . . he spake like a dragon . . .’ and, in particular, the terrific menace of the infuriate Adversary: ‘Then Apollyon straddled quite over the

whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther: here will I spill thy soul."'

## A VISION OF TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE.

EXAMPLE  
10

John Bunyan. (1628-1688.)

*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

THERE came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music, with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as it were in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, and welcome them

thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, oh ! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed ?

And thus they came up to the gate. Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, 'BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY.' (Rev. xxii. 14.)

Then I saw in my dream, that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate ; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bare to the King of this place.' And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning ; those therefore were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, 'Where are the men ?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'that the righteous nation,' said He, 'which keepeth the truth, may enter in.' (Isa. xxvi. 2.)

Now, I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate ; and lo ! as they entered, they were transfigured ; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' (Matt. xxv. 23.) I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever !' (Rev. v. 13.)

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun: the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!' And, after that, they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

## EXERCISE II. EXAMPLE 10.

### A VISION OF TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE.

Here the Problem of the long story of the Pilgrim's Progress is seen in its final Solution. The Pilgrims come to the bourne of their desire. The Problem is that of one undertaking a hard and perilous enterprise. Will he succeed or fail? Bunyan chooses, to exemplify his Subject, a traveller and his comrades going upon a difficult journey, beset with every kind of danger. How may they get to their journey's end?

The Example shows the Problem solved. The Subject, then, is: The Triumphant End of a long and painful Enterprise.

The ways of treating it are numerous. The required situation may be taken from personal experience, or from history, or it may be invented. It may contain a mystical signification, as Bunyan's does, or it may be simple narrative. The successful passing of a dreaded examination—the winning of a game, or a



race, whose issue hangs doubtful to the last—the entrance into a city, long besieged, of the besiegers—these situations, and such as these, readily present themselves for treatment.

Here, as usual, Bunyan's Invention is admirable. The Shining Men, escorting the tired wayfarers to the sound of trumpets, towards the City where the bells were ringing in their welcome; the gate inscribed with the legend of gold; the transfiguration of the mortal men into the likeness of immortality; the vision of the City shining like the sun,—are excellent images all. The details are few, vague and suggestive, as befits the subject. Everything is seen in a dazzle of glorious light. Note the skill with which the author selects the texts from Scripture; which so harmonise with his own story, that his parable comes with something of the Biblical authority upon his readers. His Disposition is straightforward, as usual. As for his Diction, note its wonderful felicity:—'. . . with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound . . . continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise . . . swallowed up with the sight of angels . . . the warm and joyful thoughts.' The words are so arranged as to harmonise, in their look and sound, with their meaning.

## A VICTORY OVER ADVERSE FORTUNE.

EXAMPLE  
11

Laurence Sterne. (1713-1768.)

*A Sentimental Journey.*

I STOP not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of D'E—— in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E—— had fought up against his condition with great firmness, wishing to preserve and still show to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity: but he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword; it could not open the way; the mounting was too expensive, and simple economy was not a match for it; there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom. But in Brittany there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the States were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side: 'Here,' said he, 'take it, and be trusty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.'

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he stayed a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinique; and in about nineteen or twenty

years of successful application to business—with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition; I call it solemn: it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family; he supported his lady, his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother. He put his handkerchief to his face twice.

There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and, advancing three steps before his family, he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard. 'Twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same, when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it, I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

‘I shall find,’ said he, ‘some other way to get it off.’

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it, and, with his wife and daughter and his two sons following him, walked out.

Oh, how I envied him his feelings!

## EXERCISE III. EXAMPLE 11.

## A VICTORY OVER ADVERSE FORTUNE.

The Problem is somewhat the same as that of the last Example:—the undertaking of a hard and long enterprise; and the Subject, as before, its triumphant issue. How essentially different another working out of the same problem, another treatment of the same subject, may become, will be perceived at once in comparing the two examples. And, in this case, the story is complete in itself; we have no need to refer to a larger design of which the subject under discussion is but a part.

The Invention of the Treatment of the Subject is—what is called—romantic. The head of an ancient and noble house, which is brought to poverty, deliberately resigns the symbol of his rank; and, for his sons' sake, becomes a tradesman in the hope of repairing their fortunes. He succeeds in his enterprise; and, after twenty years, resumes his proper rank. The force of the Invention lies in the presentation of the scenes of the resignation of the sword, and its redemption; which are made occasions of formal and dignified ceremonial.

And it is in the emphasis given to these scenes that the judgment exercised in Selection is evident. Remark how the chain of causes, extending over generations, which brought the family fortunes to ruin, is no more than indicated; and how the twenty years

of ignoble trafficking are disposed of in a sentence; whereas the two scenes in question, occupying but an hour or two in point of time, are related with a cunning choice of detail, and make up nearly two-thirds of the whole story—a story that is a small model of excellence of its peculiar kind.

The Disposition, proceeding in the order of events as they befell, gives the explanations necessary to a right understanding of the incidents, in the right place; that is, immediately preceding such incidents; thus avoiding awkward parentheses or checks in the course of the narrative.

The Diction is the diction of the Reverend Laurence Sterne; it is designed exactly to reflect and express his character, sentiments, and habit of mind. The style, in fact, is the expression of Sterne's nature. It is personal and peculiar to himself. That is what a style should be. Inasmuch, therefore, as our natures differ in varying degrees from the author's nature, it is useless for us to try to imitate his diction; though we may steal a phrase from him here and there, to help our own expression. But, we may learn from him what style should be—the expression of ourselves. If, having succeeded in finding the exact words, arranged in the exact order, that exactly express our meaning, our style is a bad style, it follows that *ourselves* are faulty. But, our style may fall short of excellence because we have not yet learned truly to express ourselves. And to that end, it is a great help to analyse the perfected expressions of

others; to perceive, if we can, how and why the author wrote thus and thus, and not otherwise.

## A LEGEND RE-TOLD.

EXAMPLE  
12

Anonymous. The National Observer, Jan. 7 and Dec. 16, 1893.

*Saint Andrews Ghosts.*

ABOUT thirty years ago the family of a St. Andrews professor included an English nurse; a woman strange to the place, yet singularly sober-minded, sensible and sane. One summer morning this woman, unable to sleep, arose and went forth into the dawn. Street after street, lane after lane, were empty; and, exulting to find herself the Eve of the new day, she let her feet bear her where they would, and so came to the mouth of a lane which led from the Priory down to the sea. As she stood, heedless of all things but the joy of the early riser, she was aware of a patter of feet, and, looking up, she saw a Pig. He was running down the lane towards her, so she turned aside to let him pass, and presently he ran by. But even as he went a great terror and a deadly sickness seized upon her; and she sought to cover her face. For, in truth, the thing had turned its head as it ran, and the eyes were the eyes of a man—entreating, desperate, shamed. It was gone when she dared look up; but she went home, and, being seriously ill, was moved to tell her mistress what she had seen. She was laughed at—kindly; but the Professor bruited her tale abroad, and an old woman came forward and declared, as many other natives came forward and declared, that on a certain morning of the year a Pig with man's eyes runs down the lane from the Priory to the sea.

EXAMPLE  
12 (a)

WITHIN the Cathedral tradition waxes tragical. A certain Archbishop one day walked round the church in a procession. Passing behind a pillar, he was an instant hidden from the eye of priests and worshippers; and when he reappeared, behind him paced a veiled skeleton. All saw it—all but himself. None dared to speak, but each might read fearful confirmation in his neighbour's eyes. The procession filed out; and, as it went, the monstrous silence was broken by the notes of the organ which—though he that played could never tell how—pealed forth, not the triumphal hymn appointed for the day but, a solemn march of death. The monks lined the porch without, and last—thus dreadfully attended—came the Archbishop. At the door, the appearance vanished, and that night he lay in his winding-sheet.

#### EXERCISE IV. EXAMPLES 12 and 12 *a*.

##### A LEGEND RE-TOLD: SAINT ANDREWS GHOSTS.

Here, instead of a Problem, we have an Incident contributing to the Solution of a Problem which is hidden from us. We have no guess of the nature of the dark Problem whose Solution required (and, it seems, still requires) a Pig with man's eyes to run down from Saint Andrews Priory to the sea, once in every year; nor of that which resulted in the boding apparition of the veiled spectre. Hence, these Examples are not, strictly speaking, Stories, but Anecdotes.

The Subject, then, is a mysterious Incident illustrative of some link in the evolution of a Mysterious Problem. The incident may be taken, and the

Problem left on one side. It will be well to select such anecdotal incident from history, legend, or fiction. The value of the Exercise depends upon the acquisition by the pupil of a definite *impression*, personal to himself, of the incident in question, and the effort he makes to communicate that impression by means of carefully chosen words. The anecdotes of these two Examples, as related to the author, were (in all likelihood) mere bald outlines; but, his imagination—power of insight and combination—made of them what we see; things vivid in presentation, terse and picturesque in diction. It is the passage through the author's mind, that gives value to the material—or, conversely, that deprives it of value. For, if his mind be well stored and lively, his mental vision keen, he is able to enrich his material from *the stuff of the same kind* which he contains in himself; but, if his mind be empty and dull, his mental vision defective, he will be unable even to assimilate the better part of his material; and, since he can communicate only that which he has assimilated, his communication will be empty, dull, and defective likewise.

If the pupil choose to invent for himself rather than to select, let him do so. The Cry in the Night—The Footprint in the Sand—The Sound of the Bell—A Voice from the Sea—The Tapping on the Pane—such are the subjects that easily suggest themselves. He should, in any case, be rigidly restricted as to space, in his *finished* work.



## EXAMPLE

13

## THE RIDDANCE OF A PEST.

James Howell. (1594-1666.)

*Familiar Letters: The Pied Piper.*

To Mr. E. P.

SIR—I saw such prodigious things daily done these few years past, that I had resolved with myself to give over wondering at anything, yet a passage happened this week, that forced me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was that some odd fellows went skulking up and down London streets, and with figs and raisins allured little children, and so purloined them away from their parents, and carried them a ship-board, far beyond sea, where, by cutting their hair, and other devices, they so disguised them that their parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in Hamelen, a town in Germany, which I hoped to have passed through when I was in Hamburg, had we returned by Holland, which was thus (nor would I relate it unto you were there not some ground of truth for it). The said town of Hamelen was annoyed with rats and mice: and it chanced that a pied-coated Piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief burghers for such a reward, if he could free them quite from the said vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelvemonth and a day after: the agreement being made, he began to play on his pipes, and all the rats and the mice followed him to a great lough hard by, where they all perished; so the town was infected no more. At the end of the year, the Pied Piper returned for his reward, the burghers put him off with slightings, and neglect, offering him some small matter, which he refusing, and staying some days in the town, one Sunday morning at high mass, when most people were at Church,

he fell to play on his pipes, and all the children up and down followed him out of the town, to a great hill not far off, which rent in two, and opened, and let him and the children in, and so closed up again. This happened a matter of two hundred and fifty years since: and in that town they date their bills and bonds, and other instruments in law, to this day from the year of the going out of their children; besides, there is a great pillar of stone at the foot of the said hill, whereon this story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time: so I am,

Your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

FLEET, 1st October 1643.

#### EXERCISE V. EXAMPLE 13.

##### THE RIDDANCE OF A PEST: THE PIED PIPER.

In the Story of the Pied Piper, the main Problem is, How to get rid of a Plague; which presently resolves itself into two subordinate problems: How the citizens could avoid paying the Piper who helped them; and, subsequently, How the said Piper could revenge himself upon them. The Story is a fairy story; and a great many fairy stories are constructed—or grow—on these lines. Starting, as usual, from the main Problem, we note that many Solutions, many Subjects, many kinds of Treatment, are possible. The Biblical relation of the Plagues of Egypt provides us with an instance of another treatment; Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*, with another.

The particular Subject chosen for the Evolution of the Problem is, then: How the citizens of Hamelin, being plagued with rats (the particular plague selected) agreed to give a wandering Piper a great reward to free them from this pest; how he freed them accordingly; how they refused to reward him as they had agreed to do; and how he revenged himself upon them.

The Invention displayed in the Treatment of the Subject makes the Piper a taking fellow in a motley jacket; coming from, and returning to, no one knows whither; makes the citizens a mean and stingy crew; makes the Piper take a diabolical and most romantic revenge. For all the children of the town follow his irresistible fluting that leads them into the hill; which closes upon the Piper and them all; and they are no more seen.

The Selection (in Howell's account of the matter) shows an absolute restriction to the *Action* of the piece. The whole business of the Plague is described in a word—'annoyed;' there is no circumstance about the Piper mentioned, save that he wore a pied coat; the lake ('lough'), the hill, and the pillar of stone, are 'great'—a detail of size, and that is all.

The Disposition is straightforward.

The Diction is excellent seventeenth-century narrative diction; there are no superfluous words; and it is both terse and musical. Nowadays, where Howell uses one long complex sentence, we should use three or four simple sentences; setting each part of the

story in a separate sentence, for the sake of easy reading.

Let the pupil take for his Problem ;—the Riddance of a Pest ; selecting his Subject from history, fiction, or experience, or inventing it. Let him, if he will, re-tell the story of one of the Plagues of Egypt—as Howell re-tells the story of the Pied Piper—or an episode from Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. The Subject gives a wide choice—from a plague of rats to Border raids, from a pest of flies to guerilla warfare ; from the circumstances of common life, in fact, to the great actions on the stage of history. It is sufficient to indicate to the pupil the possibilities before him, without limiting him to a definite subject. To leave him some scope of choice and invention, will call into action his latent powers of mind and imagination ; which is a chief object in lessons upon composition.

## A MEMORY

EXAMPLE  
14

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*Memories and Portraits.*

THE little isle of Earraid lies close in to the south-west corner of the Ross of Mull : the sound of Iona on one side, across which you may see the isle and church of Columba ; the open sea to the other, where you shall be able to mark, on a clear, surfy day, the breakers running white on many sunken rocks. I first saw it, or first remember seeing it, framed in the round bull's-eye of a cabin port, the sea lying smooth along its shores like the waters of a lake, the

colourless, clear light of the early morning making plain its heathery and rocky hummocks. There stood upon it, in these days, a single rude house of uncemented stones, approached by a pier of wreckwood. It must have been very early, for it was then summer, and in summer, in that latitude, day scarcely withdraws; but even at that hour the house was making a sweet smoke of peats which came to me over the bay, and the bare-legged daughters of the cottier were wading by the pier. The same day we visited the shores of the isle in the ship's boats; rowed deep into Fiddler's Hole, sounding as we went; and having taken stock of all possible accommodation, pitched on the northern inlet as the scene of operations. For it was no accident that had brought the lighthouse steamer to anchor in the bay of Earraid. Fifteen miles away to seaward, a certain black rock stood environed by the Atlantic rollers, the outpost of the Torran reefs. Here was a tower to be built, and a star lighted, for the conduct of seamen. But as the rock was small, and hard of access, and far from land, the work would be one of years; and my father was now looking for a shore station, where the stones might be quarried and dressed, the men live, and the tender, with some degree of safety, lie at anchor.

I saw Earraid next from the stern thwart of an Iona lugger, Sam Bough and I sitting there cheek by jowl, with our feet upon our baggage, in a beautiful, clear, northern summer eve. And behold! there was now a pier of stone, there were rows of sheds, railways, travelling-cranes, a street of cottages, an iron house for the resident engineer, wooden bothies for the men, a stage where the courses of the tower were put together experimentally, and behind the settlement a great gash in the hillside where granite was quarried. In the bay, the steamer lay at her moorings. All day long there hung about the place the music of chinking tools; and even in the dead of night, the watchman carried his lantern to and fro in the dark

settlement, and could light the pipe of any midnight muser. It was, above all, strange to see Earraid on the Sunday, when the sound of the tools ceased and there fell a crystal quiet. All about the green compound men would be sauntering in their Sunday's best, walking with those lax joints of the reposing toiler, thoughtfully smoking, talking small, as if in honour of the stillness, or hearkening to the wailing of the gulls. And it was strange to see our Sabbath services, held, as they were, in one of the bothies, with Mr. Brebner reading at a table, and the congregation perched about in the double tier of sleeping bunks ; and to hear the singing of the Psalms, 'the chapters,' the inevitable Spurgeon's sermon, and the old, eloquent lighthouse prayer.

In fine weather, when by the spy-glass on the hill the sea was observed to run low upon the reef, there would be a sound of preparation in the very early morning ; and before the sun had risen from behind Ben More, the tender would steam out of the bay. Over fifteen sea-miles of the great blue Atlantic rollers she ploughed her way, trailing at her tail a brace of wallowing stonelighters. The open ocean widened upon either board, and the hills of the mainland began to go down on the horizon, before she came to her unhomely destination, and lay-to at last where the rock clapped its black head above the swell, with the tall iron barrack on its spider legs, and the truncated tower, and the cranes waving their arms, and the smoke of the engine fire rising in the mid-sea. An ugly reef is this of the Dhu Heartach ; no pleasant assemblage of shelves, and pools, and creeks, about which a child might play for a whole summer without weariness, like the Bell Rock or the Skerryvore, but one oval nodule of black-trap, sparsely bedabbled with an inconspicuous fucus, and alive in every crevice with a dingy insect between a slater and a bug. No other life was there but that of sea-birds, and of the sea itself, that here ran like a mill-race, and growled

about the outer reef for ever, and ever and again, in the calmest weather, roared and spouted on the rock itself. Times were different upon Dhu Heartach when it blew, and the night fell dark, and the neighbour lights of Skerryvore and Rhu-val were quenched in fog, and the men sat prisoned high up in their iron drum, that then resounded with the lashing of the sprays. Fear sat with them in their sea-beleaguered dwelling; and the colour changed in anxious faces when some greater billow struck the barrack, and its pillars quivered and sprang under the blow. It was then that the foreman builder, Mr. Goodwillie, whom I see before me still in his rock-habit of undecipherable rags, would get his fiddle down and strike up human minstrelsy amid the music of the storm. But it was in sunshine only that I saw Dhu Heartach; and it was in sunshine, or the yet lovelier summer afterglow, that the steamer would return to Earraid, ploughing an enchanted sea; the obedient lighters, relieved of their deck cargo, riding in her wake more quietly; and the steersman upon each, as she rose on the long swell, standing tall and dark against the shining west.

#### EXERCISE VI. EXAMPLE 14.

##### A MEMORY.

Here are but the beginnings of a Problem (How should a lighthouse be reared upon a dangerous and isolated rock?) whose Solution is not told. About those picturesque beginnings, memory displays a scroll of pictures; and the interest lies, not in the Problem but, in the beauty of the pictures associated therewith. Invention, here, is restricted to simple memory; imagination presents the pictures without alterations, improvements, or new combinations.

The piece is a model of Selection. All ugly circumstances are discarded, the impressions of beauty and of danger being alone retained.

The Disposition aids the Selection, in setting the different parts in the order that shows each part to most advantage. The picture of early morning and wild solitude, immediately precedes the picture of busy life; which is followed by the contrast of Sabbath stillness; which, again, is followed by the relation of the periodic voyage to the rock, and of the storm; concluding with the beautiful picture of the return voyage at the setting of the sun.

The Diction is coloured, vivid, athletically precise, musical. Stevenson's peculiar habit of mind enabled him to combine the excellences and cunning harmonies of the masters of the English tongue in a golden style that was still his own. That should be our ambition; but the ambition must be strictly limited by a consideration of our individual habit of mind. So far as old work helps us to express ourselves, we may—indeed, we must—use it; but no farther. Beyond this point, words become our masters, instead of our slaves. Stevenson's work is an example, not itself to be copied but, to show what may be achieved by his method.

The pupil's Subject is, A Memory. The subject under consideration is a series of memories of expeditions; this will make a convenient form of subject; but, any memory will serve, so it form a more or less coherent whole, presented in a series of pictures.



## EXAMPLE

14 (a)

## A MEMORY.

Charles Dickens. (1812-1870.)

*David Copperfield.*

MY school-days! The silent gliding on of my existence—the unseen, unfelt progress of my life—from childhood up to youth! Let me think, as I look back upon that flowing water, now a dry channel overgrown with leaves, whether there are any marks along its course, by which I can remember how it ran.

A moment, and I occupy my place in the Cathedral, where we all went together, every Sunday morning, assembling first at school for that purpose. The earthy smell, the sunless air, the sensation of the world being shut out, the resounding of the organ through the black and white arched galleries and aisles, are wings that take me back, and hold me hovering above those days, in a half-sleeping and half-waking dream.

I am not the last boy in the school. I have risen, in a few months, over several heads. But the first boy seems to me a mighty creature, dwelling afar off, whose giddy height is unattainable. Agnes says 'No,' but I say 'Yes,' and tell her that she little thinks what stores of knowledge have been mastered by the wonderful Being, at whose place she thinks I, even I, weak aspirant, may arrive in time. He is not my private friend and public patron, as Steerforth was, but I hold him in a reverential respect. I chiefly wonder what he'll be, when he leaves Doctor Strong's, and what mankind will do to maintain any place against him.

But who is this that breaks upon me? This is Miss Shepherd, whom I love.

Miss Shepherd is a boarder at the Misses Nettingalls'

establishment. I adore Miss Shepherd. She is a little girl, in a spencer, with a round face and curly flaxen hair. The Misses Nettingalls' young ladies come to the Cathedral too. I cannot look upon my book, for I must look upon Miss Shepherd. When the choristers chaunt, I hear Miss Shepherd. In the service I mentally insert Miss Shepherd's name—I put her in among the Royal Family. At home, in my own room, I am sometimes moved to cry out, 'Oh, Miss Shepherd!' in a transport of love.

For some time I am doubtful of Miss Shepherd's feelings, but, at length, Fate being propitious, we meet at the dancing-school. I have Miss Shepherd for my partner. I touch Miss Shepherd's glove, and feel a thrill go up the right arm of my jacket, and come out at my hair. I say nothing tender to Miss Shepherd, but we understand each other. Miss Shepherd and myself live but to be united.

Why do I secretly give Miss Shepherd twelve Brazil nuts for a present, I wonder? They are not expressive of affection, they are difficult to pack into a parcel of any regular shape, they are hard to crack, even in room doors, and they are oily when cracked; yet I feel that they are appropriate to Miss Shepherd. Soft, seedy biscuits, also, I bestow upon Miss Shepherd; and oranges innumerable. Once, I kiss Miss Shepherd in the cloak room. Ecstasy! What are my agony and indignation next day, when I hear a flying rumour that the Misses Nettingall have stood Miss Shepherd in the stocks for turning in her toes!

Miss Shepherd being the one pervading theme and vision of my life, how do I ever come to break with her? I can't conceive. And yet a coolness grows between Miss Shepherd and myself. Whispers reach me of Miss Shepherd having said she wished I wouldn't stare so, and having avowed a preference for Master Jones—for Jones! a boy of no merit whatever! The gulf between me and Miss Shepherd widens. At last, one day, I meet the Misses Nettingalls' establishment out walking. Miss

Shepherd makes a face as she goes by, and laughs to her companion. All is over. The devotion of a life—it seems a life, it is all the same—is at an end; Miss Shepherd comes out of the morning service, and the Royal Family know her no more.

### EXERCISE VII. EXAMPLE 14 (a).

#### A MEMORY.

Here is another offshoot of the main Problem of a long story. The main Problem in the life of David Copperfield consists in the eventual issue of the twin enterprises of love and conflict, in whose prosecution every man, in one form or another, spends his days. The Subject chosen illustrates two little Problems which are tributary—are naturally evolved out of—the main Problem. The first is: How to win success at School; the second: How to gain the affection of a certain youthful lady. Of the first, we see the beginning only; of the second, beginning and end; the ultimate Solution being Failure.

Here the author's Invention is something more than simple memory; he presents new combinations in his pictures. For, it is hardly to be supposed that the events recorded befell exactly as they are told. Rather are they an ingenious combination of scattered remembrances. His Selection is remarkable. Out of the multifarious occurrences that happened during several months, he selects but three or four: the description of the Cathedral service—of

the lower schoolboy's veneration for the upper—of the childish love affair—its beginning, its course, its sudden extinction; and these are so handled as to suggest all the rest, and to give us all we want to know.

The Disposition is straightforward in these episodes. (In the book itself, certain events, from which other events result, will be found to have happened, which are yet kept unrelated until the last. This method, much used by Dickens, produces the element of mystery.)

The Diction is conversational; that is to say, it is much the same Diction as the author would employ, were he telling the story, instead of writing it. In this respect, it may be contrasted to the Diction of Stevenson, as exemplified in the last example. In its ease, directness, humour — music, even — it is worthy of all consideration.

Let it not be thought that these little, playful episodes of a child's life are analysed too seriously. Had not the author taken the relation of them seriously, they would not amuse and interest us as they do.

The subject for the pupil is again, A Memory—the narrative of an episode in his life. He may learn from the Example how that it is possible to make the most trivial subject interesting by skilful treatment. But, to make the right treatment possible, there must first be understanding of, and sympathy with, the persons and incidents under treatment.

And the first step towards sympathy and understanding, is Reflection—a dwelling attentively upon the Subject.

**EXAMPLE** THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL : ANTICIPATION.  
15

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*Random Memories.*

MANY writers have vigorously described the pains of the first day or the first night at school ; to a boy of any enterprise, I believe, they are more often agreeably exciting. Misery—or at least misery unrelieved—is confined to another period, to the days of suspense and the ‘dreadful looking-for’ of departure ; when the old life is running to an end, and the new life, with its new interests, not yet begun ; and to the pain of an imminent parting, there is added the unrest of a state of conscious pre-existence. The area railings, the beloved shop-window, the smell of semi-suburban tanpits, the song of the church bells upon a Sunday, the thin, high voices of compatriot children in a playing-field—what a sudden, what an overpowering pathos breathes to him from each familiar circumstance ! The assaults of sorrow come not from within, as it seems to him, but from without. I was proud and glad to go to school ; had I been let alone, I could have borne up like any hero ; but there was around me, in all my native town, a conspiracy of lamentation : ‘Poor little boy, he is going away—unkind little boy, he is going to leave us’ ; so the unspoken burthen followed me as I went with yearning and reproach. And at length, one melancholy afternoon in the early autumn, and at a place where it seems to me, looking back, it must be always autumn and generally Sunday, there came suddenly

upon the face of all I saw—the long empty road, the lines of the tall houses, the church upon the hill, the woody hillside garden—a look of such a piercing sadness that my heart died; and seating myself on a door-step, I shed tears of miserable sympathy.

### EXERCISE VIII. EXAMPLE 15.

#### THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL: ANTICIPATION.

Here, again, the Example illustrates one side of a large Problem, one incident in its Evolution. It is treated *analytically*; that is to say, the author, remembering his experience of a certain emotion, takes that emotion to pieces, and describes to us the different elements of which it is composed. Invention shows the pictures; Selection takes those it requires; Disposition sets them in the order that best illustrates the analysis; and Diction brings the riches of the English tongue to the work.

Let the pupil take the same subject, and treat it in the same way—analytically; keeping his work to about the same length.

#### THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL: REALISATION. EXAMPLE 15 (a)

Charles Dickens. (1812-1870.)

*David Copperfield.*

SCHOOL began in earnest next day. A profound impression was made upon me, I remember, by the roar of voices in the school-room suddenly becoming hushed as

death when Mr. Creakle entered after breakfast, and stood in the doorway looking round upon us like a giant in a story-book surveying his captives.

Tungay stood at Mr. Creakle's elbow. He had no occasion, I thought, to cry out 'Silence!' so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless.

Mr. Creakle was seen to speak, and Tungay was heard to this effect:—

'Now, boys, this is a new half. Take care what you're about, in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy!'

When this dreadful exordium was over, and Tungay had stumped out again, Mr. Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of *that*, for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe; so I was very soon made free of Salem House (as Steerforth said), and very soon in tears also.

Not that I mean to say these were special marks of distinction, which only I received. On the contrary, a large majority of the boys (especially the smaller ones) were visited with similar instances of notice, as Mr. Creakle made the round of the school-room. Half the establishment was writhing and crying, before the day's work began; and how much of it had writhed and cried before the day's work was over, I am really afraid to recollect, lest I should seem to exaggerate.

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the

satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially ; that there was a satisfaction in such a subject which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power ; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be Lord High Admiral, or Commander-in-Chief ; in either of which capacities, it is probable, that he would have done infinitely less mischief.

EXERCISE IX. EXAMPLE 15 (a).

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL : REALISATION.

The Problem here (part, as before, of the larger Problem of the whole story) is, not so much how to win success at School but, How to endure to the end of the time there. The Example shows the Introduction to the lesser Problem. The Invention represents, and illustrates, the single strong emotion of Fear. Fear is the dominant note of the passage ; every detail selected contributes to the impression—the sudden hush at the tyrant's entrance—his voiceless threatnings, terribly interpreted by the man with the wooden leg—his preliminary torturings—his devilish zest in their infliction—the writhing and miserable tears of his victims—these are the fruits of a practised faculty of Selection, which so powerfully impress the reader.



Let the pupil take as his Subject, the First Day at School; and let him choose, out of the many new impressions he received on that occasion, the one by which he was most strongly affected. Let him convey this impression, not by direct statement (which is useless for his purpose; the purpose, that is, of affecting the reader in the same way as he himself was affected) but, by illustration. Let him not say, for instance, 'I felt very shy;' but, if he wishes to convey the sensation of shyness, let him explain in what manner it was caused: as, by the crowd of new faces—the unfamiliar surroundings—the sound and stir of a life strange to him; and how the shyness was exhibited: as, by hanging his head—discovering a difficulty in answering when addressed—a longing to run away and hide. His work, like the Example, should be a mixture of pure narrative with description, and (if he likes) with analysis.

EXAMPLE  
15 (b)

### THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL: REALISATION.

Thomas Hughes. (1823-1897.)

*Tom Brown's School Days.*

'AND so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the School-house, as I tell'd you,' said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away; while the coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, round Deadman's corner, past the school gates, and down the High Street to the Spread Eagle; the wheelers in a

spanking trot, and leaders cantering, in a style that would not have disgraced 'Cherry Bob,' 'ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing Billy Harwood,' or any other of the old coaching heroes.

Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school-field or close, with its noble elms, in which several games at football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings, beginning with the chapel, and ending with the school-house, the residence of the head-master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school-gates, with the oriel-window above, and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box, and working the team down street as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having righted himself, and nodded to the guard, with 'How do, Jem?' he turned short round to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute, began—

'I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?'

'Yes,' said Tom, in considerable astonishment, glad however to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

'Ah, I thought so: you know my old aunt, Miss East, she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift.'

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend, a boy of just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't for the life of him help admiring and envying—especially when young my lord begins hectoring

two or three long loafing fellows, half porter, half stableman, with a strong touch of the blackguard; and in the end arranges with one of them, nicknamed Cooeey, to carry Tom's luggage up to the School-house for sixpence.

'And hark'ee, Cooeey, it must be up in ten minutes, or no more jobs from me. Come along, Brown.' And away swaggers the young potentate, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

'All right, sir,' says Cooeey, touching his hat, with a leer and a wink at his companions.

'Hullo tho',' says East, pulling up, and taking another look at Tom, 'this'll never do—haven't you got a hat?—we never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I—don't know what'd happen.' The very idea was quite beyond young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hat-box; which was accordingly at once extracted from the hind-boot, and Tom equipped in his go-to-meeting roof, as his new friend called it. But this didn't quite suit his fastidious taste in another minute, being too shiny; so, as they walk up the town, they dive into Nixon's the hatter's, and Tom is arrayed, to his utter astonishment, and without paying for it, in a regulation cat-skin at seven-and-sixpence: Nixon undertaking to send the best hat up to the matron's room, School-house, in half-an-hour.

'You can send in a note for a tile on Monday, and make it all right, you know,' said Mentor; 'we're allowed two seven-and-sixers a half, besides what we bring from home.'

Tom by this time began to be conscious of his new social position and dignities, and to luxuriate in the realized ambition of being a public school-boy at last,

with a vested right of spoiling two seven-and-sixers in a half year.

'You see,' said his friend, as they strolled up towards the school-gates, in explanation of his conduct, 'a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward, and holds his head up, he gets on. Now you'll do very well as to rig, all but that cap. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half-a-sov. this half, and perhaps'll double it next, if I keep in her good books.'

There's nothing like candour for a lower-school boy, and East was a genuine specimen—frank, hearty, and good-natured, well satisfied with himself and his position, and chock-full of life and spirits, and all the Rugby prejudices and traditions which he had been able to get together, in the long course of one half year during which he had been at the School-house.

And Tom, notwithstanding his bumptiousness, felt friends with him at once, and began sucking in all his ways and prejudices, as fast as he could understand them.

East was great in the character of cicerone; he carried Tom through the great gates, where were only two or three boys. These satisfied themselves with the stock questions—'You fellow, what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board? and, What form are you in?'—and so they passed on through the quadrangle and a small courtyard, upon which looked down a lot of little windows (belonging, as his guide informed him, to some of the School-house studies), into the matron's room, where East introduced Tom to that dignitary; made him give up the key of his trunk, that the matron might unpack his linen, and told the story of the hat and of his own presence of mind: upon the relation whereof the matron laughingly scolded

him, for the coolest new boy in the house ; and East, indignant at the accusation of newness, marched Tom off into the quadrangle, and began showing him the Schools, and examining him as to his literary attainments ; the result of which was a prophecy that they would be in the same form, and could do their lessons together.

‘And now come in and see my study ; we shall have just time before dinner ; and afterwards, before calling-over, we’ll do the close.’

Tom followed his guide through the School-house hall, which opens into the quadrangle. It is a great room thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabouts, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fire-places at the side, with blazing fires in them, at one of which some dozen boys were standing and lounging, some of whom shouted to East to stop ; but he shot through with his convoy, and landed him in the long dark passages, with a large fire at the end of each, upon which the studies opened. Into one of these, in the bottom passage, East bolted with our hero, slamming and bolting the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall, and Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy’s citadel.

He hadn’t been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the palace in question.

It wasn’t very large certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn’t be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window ; which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground-floor looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the further end was occupied by a square table covered with a reasonably clean and whole red and blue check tablecloth ; a hard-seated sofa covered with red stuff occupied one side,

running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together. The walls were wainscoted half-way up, the wainscot being covered with green baize, the remainder with a bright-patterned paper, on which hung three or four prints of dogs' heads, Grimaldi winning the Aylesbury steeple-chase, Amy Robsart, the reigning Waverley beauty of the day, and Tom Crib in a posture of defence, which did no credit to the science of that hero, if truly represented. Over the door were a row of hat-pegs, and on each side bookcases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with school-books, a cup or two, a mouse-trap and candlesticks, leather straps, a fustian bag, and some curious-looking articles, which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing-irons, and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle, or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about to become the joint owner of a similar home, the first place he could call his own? One's own—what a charm there is in the words. How long it takes boy and man to find out their worth! how fast most of us hold on to them! faster and more jealously, the nearer we are to that general home into which we can take nothing, but must go naked as we came into the world. When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the one single use of things which we call our own is that they may be his who hath need of them?

‘And shall I have a study like this, too?’ said Tom.

‘Yes, of course, you’ll be chummed with some fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then.’

‘What nice places!’

‘They’re well enough,’ answered East, patronizingly, ‘only uncommon cold at night sometimes. Gower—that’s my chum—and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky.’

‘But there’s a big fire out in the passage,’ said Tom.

‘Precious little we get out of that though,’ said East; ‘Jones the præpostor has the study at the fire end, and he has rigged up an iron rod and green balze curtain across the passage which he draws at night, and sits there with his door open; so he gets all the fire, and hears if we come out of our studies after eight, or make a noise. However, he’s taken to sitting in the fifth-form room lately, so we do get a bit of fire now sometimes; only to keep a sharp look-out that he don’t catch you behind his curtain when he comes down—that’s all.’

A quarter-past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner, so they went into the hall and took their places, Tom at the very bottom of the second table, next to the præpostor (who sat at the end to keep order there), and East a few paces higher. And now Tom for the first time saw his future schoolfellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies, some from loitering over the fire at the pastry-cook’s, dainty mortals, bringing with them pickles and sauce-bottles to help them with their dinners. And a great big-bearded man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the great joints were being rapidly carved on the third table in the corner by the old verger and the housekeeper. Tom’s turn came last, and meanwhile he was all eyes, looking first with awe at the great man, who sat close to him, and was helped first, and who read a hard-looking book all the time he was eating, and when he got up and walked off to the fire, at the small boys round him, some of whom

were reading, and the rest talking in whispers to one another, or stealing one another's bread, or shooting pellets, or digging their forks through the tablecloth. However, notwithstanding his curiosity, he managed to make a capital dinner by the time the big man called 'Stand up!' and said grace.

#### EXERCISE X. EXAMPLE 15 (b).

##### THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL: REALISATION.

Here is a very different treatment of the same Subject. If there be a central impression conveyed, it is that of Novelty; but the author leaves the effect his work is to produce, to take its chance. He sets down everything his Invention—which is largely personal memory—offers to his notice. Of Selection there is hardly a trace. Disposition follows the order of events. The Diction is loose, wordy, and colloquial rather than conversational; rather that of one telling a story in the first words that present themselves to his mind, than of one practised in the art of selecting and weaving together as he goes along the best words for his purpose.

It would be a good exercise for the pupil to weed the Example of unnecessary words and phrases; he would find that the story would gain by the process. But, it is noteworthy how, despite his want of technical skill, the writer's sincere delight in, and sympathy with, everything connected with his old school, engage the reader's attention and carry the story through. And that is a word of encouragement to the aspirant.



## EXAMPLE

16

## A DREAM.

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*A Chapter on Dreams.*

It seemed to him that he was in the first floor of a rough hill-farm. The room showed some poor efforts at gentility, a carpet on the floor, a piano, I think, against the wall; but, for all these refinements, there was no mistaking he was in a moorland place, among hillside people, and set in miles of heather. He looked down from the window upon a bare farmyard, that seemed to have been long disused. A great, uneasy stillness lay upon the world. There was no sign of the farm-folk or of any live stock, save for an old, brown, curly dog of the retriever breed, who sat close in against the wall of the house and seemed to be dozing. Something about this dog disquieted the dreamer; it was quite a nameless feeling, for the beast looked right enough—indeed, he was so old and dull and dusty and broken-down, that he should rather have awakened pity; and yet the conviction came and grew upon the dreamer that this was no proper dog at all, but something hellish. A great many dozing summer flies hummed about the yard; and presently the dog thrust forth his paw, caught a fly in his open palm, carried it to his mouth like an ape, and looking suddenly up at the dreamer in the window, winked to him with one eye. The dream went on, it matters not how it went; it was a good dream as dreams go; but there was nothing in the sequel worthy of that devilish brown dog. And the point of interest for me lies partly in that very fact: that having found so singular an incident, my imperfect dreamer should prove unable to carry the tale to a fit end, and fall back on indescribable noises and indiscriminate horrors.

## EXERCISE XI. EXAMPLE 16.

## A DREAM.

Here is an Example of what we may call the voluntary work of Invention; of Invention disporting itself in some mysterious way, irrespective of the will-power, together with Selection and Disposition. In the case of a coherent dream, the author has but to attend to his Diction, and his work is done. Or, in the case of a dream whose interest is too much broken by incoherency, the author must set in motion his Invention, Selection, and Disposition, by way of correction; as, in the Example before us, he suppresses the end of the dream.

Let the pupil, then, treat his Subject with a single eye to points of beauty, quaintness, horror, or singularity. The experience of himself or of others will provide him with material ready to his hand. Or, he may call waking Invention to his aid. For whether the author sleep or wake makes surprisingly little difference to what we call Imagination.

## TWO DREAMS.

EXAMPLE  
16 (a)

Charles Dickens. (1812-1870.)

*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

(i.)

AFTER examining his chamber, and looking under the bed, and in the cupboards, and even behind the curtains, with unusual caution (although it was, as has been said, broad

day), he double-locked the door by which he had entered, and retired to rest. There was another door in the room, but it was locked on the outer side ; and with what place it communicated, he knew not.

His fears or evil conscience reproduced this door in all his dreams. He dreamed that a dreadful secret was connected with it : a secret which he knew, and yet did not know, for although he was heavily responsible for it, and a party to it, he was harassed even in his vision by a distracting uncertainty in reference to its import. Incoherently entwined with this dream was another, which represented it as the hiding-place of an enemy, a shadow, a phantom ; and made it the business of his life to keep the terrible creature closed up, and prevent it from forcing its way in upon him. With this view Nadgett, and he, and a strange man with a bloody smear upon his head (who told him that he had been his playfellow, and told him, too, the real name of an old schoolmate, forgotten until then), worked with iron plates and nails to make the door secure ; but though they worked never so hard, it was all in vain, for the nails broke, or changed to soft twigs, or what was worse, to worms, between their fingers ; the wood of the door splintered and crumbled, so that even nails would not remain in it ; and the iron plates curled up like hot paper. All this time the creature on the other side—whether it was in the shape of man, or beast, he neither knew nor sought to know—was gaining on them. But his greatest terror was when the man with the bloody smear upon his head demanded of him if he knew this creature's name, and said that he would whisper it. At this the dreamer fell upon his knees, his whole blood thrilling with inexplicable fear, and held his ears. But looking at the speaker's lips, he saw that they formed the utterance of the letter 'J,' and crying out aloud that the secret was discovered, and they were all lost, he awoke.

Awoke to find Jonas standing at his bedside watching him. And that very door wide open.

As their eyes met, Jonas retreated a few paces, and Montague sprang out of bed.

(ii.)

EXAMPLE  
16 (b)

It is a common fancy that nature seems to sleep by night. It is a false fancy, as who should know better than he?

The fishes slumbered in the cold, bright, glistening streams and rivers, perhaps; and the birds roosted on the branches of the trees; and in their stalls and pastures beasts were quiet; and human creatures slept. But what of that, when the solemn night was watching, when it never winked, when its darkness watched no less than its light! The stately trees, the moon and shining stars, the softly-stirring wind, the over-shadowed lane, the broad, bright country-side, they all kept watch. There was not a blade of growing grass or corn but watched; and the quieter it was, the more intent and fixed its watch upon him seemed to be.

And yet he slept. Riding on among those sentinels of God, he slept, and did not change the purpose of his journey. If he forgot it in his troubled dreams, it came up steadily, and woke him. But it never woke him to remorse, or to abandonment of his design.

He dreamed at one time that he was lying calmly in his bed, thinking of a moonlight night and the noise of wheels, when the old clerk put his head in at the door and beckoned him. At this signal he arose immediately: being already dressed, in the clothes he actually wore at that time: and accompanied him into a strange city, where the names of the streets were written on the walls in characters quite new to him; which gave him no surprise or uneasiness, for he remembered in his dream to have

been there before. Although these streets were very precipitous, insomuch that to get from one to another it was necessary to descend great heights by ladders that were too short, and ropes that moved deep bells, and swung and swayed as they were clung to, the danger gave him little emotion beyond the first thrill of terror: his anxieties being concentrated on his dress, which was quite unfitted for some festival that was about to be holden there, and in which he had come to take a part. Already, great crowds began to fill the streets, and in one direction myriads of people came rushing down an interminable perspective, strewing flowers and making way for others on white horses, when a terrible figure started from the throng, and cried out that it was the Last Day for all the world. The cry being spread, there was a wild hurrying on to Judgment; and the press became so great that he and his companion (who was constantly changing, and was never the same man two minutes together, though he never saw one man come or another go), stood aside in a porch, fearfully surveying the multitude; in which there were many faces that he knew, and many that he did not know, but dreamed he did; when all at once a struggling head rose up among the rest—livid and deadly, but the same as he had known it—and denounced him as having appointed that direful day to happen. They closed together. As he strove to free the hand in which he held a club, and strike the blow he had so often thought of, he started to the knowledge of his waking purpose and the rising of the sun.

The sun was welcome to him. There was life and motion, and a world astir, to divide the attention of Day. It was the eye of Night: of wakeful, watchful, silent, and attentive Night, with so much leisure for the observation of his wicked thoughts: that he dreaded most.

## EXERCISE XII. EXAMPLES 16 (a) AND 16 (b).

## TWO DREAMS.

Here are two of the most wonderful examples in literature, of the Dream invented to suit the main design of the author's story.<sup>1</sup> The one, the dream of the man about to be murdered; the other, the dream of the murderer.

Doubtless, the Invention uses bits of actual dreams remembered; but it is none the less remarkable, in its extraordinary power of imagination and combination displayed, for that. In examples such as these, we touch what is called Inspiration. *We do not know how the thing is done.* It came. *Voilà tout.* Let us hope that we also may be visited in like manner.

The two subordinate Problems to the main Problem of the story are: on the one hand, How shall Montague escape being murdered? and on the other, How shall Jonas Chuzzlewit accomplish his design of murdering him? As vivid illustrations of the subordinate Problems, come the dreams. It is impossible to imagine anything that could more forcibly drive home to the reader the deadly nature of the situation. Montague has Jonas in his power; and yet, for his own safety, he cannot let the other out of his sight. Jonas, to save his fortunes, and to gratify

<sup>1</sup> Note, for a third example, 'The Brushwood Boy,' in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *The Day's Work*.

revenge, must somehow rid himself of Montague; but, neither can he let Montague out of his sight, lest the other miss him, and cheat him of his revenge, at the same time.

Note, in the first instance, the marvellous ingenuity of the Invention. The room in the inn with the two doors—the guilty consciousness of knowing evil secrets, a consciousness habitual in the man's waking hours—the terrible Creature lurking behind the door, figuring the impending ruin and disgrace that hung over him, waking, and now confused with the image of his deadly enemy—the intrusion of Nadgett the spy, and the strange man, reflections of the real Nadgett, and of friends whom he had deceived and plundered in life—the relentless approach of the same Creature, that iron and wood were powerless to stay, the nails changing to twigs and worms, the iron plates curling like hot paper, the wood crumbling—and the whispering of the Creature's name, and the sudden, overwhelming disclosure of the secret—all these are inventions of the highest order; alike appropriate to the main purpose of the story, the subordinate problem in hand, and the character of the dreamer.

In the second Example, the murderer is travelling by coach towards the place where he intends to accomplish his purpose; and all the while he is haunted by the sensation of being watched. Note the vision of the watching night, completely and vividly presented in a single brief paragraph; serving as the introduction to the dream itself. The strange

city, with its places of terror—the coming festival—the inappropriate dress—the rushing crowd—the sudden, terrible transformation and awakening to judgment, a judgment ever in the background of the dreamer's waking thoughts—the apparition of the accusing Head, and the attempt to strike the fatal blow, these also things constantly present in waking hours—and the relief of waking to sunlight—all these, again, touch the highest order of Invention.

In such masterpieces as these, the Selection and Disposition are practically one with the Invention, simultaneously conceived, simultaneously executed, and clothed immediately in the right Diction, in a single athletic effort. Such work is only possible to a master of his art. But, in a lesser way, the tyro may accomplish something of the same sort. Let him select any crisis (critical moment in the evolution of a problem) from history, experience, or fiction; and let him invent for the principal actor a dream that shall vividly illustrate the nature both of the crisis and of the persons concerned.

## AN OCCASION OF MAGNANIMITY.

EXAMPLE  
17

Henry Fielding. (1707-1754.)

*A Voyage to Lisbon.*

AFTER having, however, gloriously regaled myself with this food, I was washing it down with some good claret with my wife and her friend, in the cabin, when the captain's valet-de-chambre, head cook, house and ship



steward, footman in livery and out on't, secretary and fore-mast man, all burst into the cabin at once, being, indeed, all but one person, and, without saying by your leave, began to pack half a hogshead of small beer in bottles, the necessary consequence of which must have been either a total stop to conversation at that chearful season when it is most agreeable, or the admitting that polyonymous officer aforesaid to the participation of it. I desired him therefore to delay his purpose a little longer, but he refused to grant my request; nor was he prevailed on to quit the room till he was threatened with having one bottle to pack more than his number, which then happened to stand empty within my reach.

With these menaces he retired at last, but not without muttering some menaces on his side, and which, to our great terror, he failed not to put into immediate execution. . . . No sooner was the captain informed of the interruption which had been given to his officer, and indeed to his orders, for he thought no time so convenient as that of his absence for causing any confusion in the cabin, than he leapt with such haste from his chair that he had like to have broke his sword, with which he always begirt himself when he walked out of his ship, and sometimes when he walked about in it; at the same time, grasping eagerly that other implement called a cockade, which modern soldiers wear on their helmets with the same view as the antients did their crests—to terrify the enemy—he muttered something, but so inarticulately that the word *damn* was only intelligible; he then . . . leapt first from the ship to his boat, and then from his boat to his own ship, with as much fierceness in his looks as he had ever expressed on boarding his defenceless prey in the honourable calling of a privateer.

Having regained the middle deck, he paused a moment while Tom and others loaded themselves with bottles, and then descending into the cabin exclaimed with a thunder-

ing voice, 'D——n me, why arn't the bottles stoed in, according to my orders?'

I answered him very mildly that I had prevented his man from doing it, as it was at an inconvenient time to me, and as in his absence, at least, I esteemed the cabin to be my own. 'Your cabin!' repeated he many times; 'no, d——n me! 'tis my cabin. Your cabin! d——n me! I have brought my hogs to a fair market. I suppose indeed you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will command in it, d——n me! I will show the world I am the commander, and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds? I wish I had not seen you nor your thirty pounds aboard of her.' He then repeated the words thirty pounds often, with great disdain, and with a contempt which I own the sum did not seem to deserve in my eyes, either in itself or on the present occasion; being, indeed, paid for the freight of —— weight of human flesh, which is above fifty per cent. dearer than the freight of any other luggage, whilst in reality it takes up less room; in fact, no room at all.

In truth, the sum was paid for nothing more than for a liberty to six persons (two of them servants) to stay on board a ship while she sails from one port to another, every shilling of which comes clear into the captain's pocket. Ignorant people may perhaps imagine, especially when they are told that the captain is obliged to sustain them, that their diet at least is worth something, which may probably be now and then so far the case as to deduct a tenth part from the neat profits on this account, but it was otherwise at present; for when I had contracted with the captain at a price which I by no means thought moderate, I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but it was whispered that it was expected the passengers should find themselves in several things; such as tea, wine, and such like; and

particularly that gentlemen should stowe of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain at the end of the voyage ; and it was expected likewise that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores, and the more of such things were put aboard the welcomer they would be to the captain.

I was prevailed with by these hints to follow the advice proposed ; and accordingly, besides tea and a large hamper of wine, with several hams and tongues, I caused a number of live chickens and sheep to be conveyed aboard ; in truth, treble the quantity of provisions which would have supported the persons I took with me, had the voyage continued three weeks, as it was supposed, with a bare possibility, it might.

Indeed, it continued much longer ; but as this was occasioned by our being wind-bound in our own ports, it was by no means of any ill consequence to the captain, as the additional stores of fish, fresh meat, butter, bread, etc., which I constantly laid in, greatly exceeded the consumption, and went some way in maintaining the ship's crew. It is true I was not obliged to do this ; but it seemed to be expected ; for the captain did not think himself obliged to do it, and I can truly say I soon ceased to expect it of him. He had, I confess, on board a number of fowls and ducks sufficient for a West India voyage ; all of them, as he often said, ' Very fine birds, and of the largest breed.' This, I believe, was really the fact, and I can add that they were all arrived at the full perfection of their size. Nor was there, I am convinced, any want of provisions of a more substantial kind ; such as dried beef, pork, and fish ; so that the captain seemed ready to perform his contract, and amply to provide for his passengers. What I did then was not from necessity, but, perhaps, from a less excusable motive, and was by no means chargeable to the *account of the captain.*

But, let the motive have been what it would, the consequence was still the same ; and this was such that I am firmly persuaded the whole pitiful thirty pounds came pure and neat into the captain's pocket, and not only so, but attended with the value of ten pound more in sundries into the bargain. I must confess myself therefore at a loss how the epithet *pitiful* came to be annexed to the above sum ; for, not being a pitiful price for what it was given, I cannot conceive it to be pitiful in itself ; nor do I believe it is thought by the greatest men in the kingdom ; none of whom would scruple to search for it in the dirtiest kennel, where they had only a reasonable hope of success. . . . But, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse that I very hastily and very foolishly resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summon a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice, so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterwards said, he feared more than any rock or quicksand.<sup>1</sup> Nor can we wonder at this when we are told he had been twice obliged to bring to and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar round him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly

<sup>1</sup> 'That which,' etc., is, of course, the Law. Fielding was a magistrate, justly respected as a notable administrator of justice.

subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in this posture, but I immediately forgave him.

### EXERCISE XIII. EXAMPLE 17.

#### AN OCCASION OF MAGNANIMITY.

The Example is taken from the diary of Henry Fielding (first of English novelists) which he kept during that voyage to Lisbon, undertaken for the benefit of his health, which was to prove his last journey. His memory serves him for Invention; and so we find, in this little, characteristic episode transcribed directly from life, one illustration of the Problem which the writer had, in one form or another, to face during his whole voyage:—How to preserve some decency of living, and comfort in his sickness, despite the constant persecutions of a mean and violent rascal (for such was the captain of the ship)? and an instance of one kind of solution. The Subject, then, resolves itself into An Occasion of Magnanimity. A gallant and afflicted gentleman, who, in addition to the suffering caused by acute illness, had suffered much from the rascality of a man whose company (being on shipboard) he was compelled to keep, at length sees fit to bring him to a due submission, and, finally, to forgive him.

The Invention (which is that of Nature herself, and not that of Mr. Fielding) shows the petty kind

of persecution to which the longsuffering traveller in question was exposed, and how gross, under the circumstances, was the captain's insolence; shows the subjugation of that rascally skipper, compelled, not only by the terrifying threat of the Law's penalties, but by Mr. Fielding's native dignity and commanding eloquence; shows, finally, his magnanimous forgiveness.

The Selection gives every necessary detail of the circumstances, particularises the captain's insolent speech, suggesting only (the narrative being related in the first person) the words of his victim.

The Disposition is straightforward; admitting, as legitimate in the composition, a journal, a digression; which, however, still serves to illustrate the case in hand.

The Diction is the admirable, leisurely, forcible diction of the Eighteenth Century in general, and of Henry Fielding in particular. It is worthy of most careful study. The sub-ironical suggestion his style so subtly conveys is Fielding's own; and it is (among other distinctions) as a master of the ironical, that he remains an example in literature. But, not less does he remain an exemplar of magnificent humanity. His style betrays a man just, courageous, and humane. Consider the majestic sentence with which the Example closes:—'I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in this posture, but I immediately forgave him.'

Let the pupil, then, take as his Subject, An Occa-

sion of Magnanimity; either selecting his material from history or legend, or exercising his invention. Let him, so far as possible, endeavour to imitate in his composition, the Diction of the Example.

II. *Description.* In making a picture in words of a scene, or person, or object, which we behold before our eyes, or whose features we recall to mind; we are to remember that what we have to do is to produce the same effect upon the reader, as the scene, person, or object, produces upon ourselves. To <sup>1</sup>tell the reader what that effect is, is quite useless. Thus, to say 'It was a magnificent sunset;' or 'She was a beautiful woman;' is merely to inform the reader that there were certain appearances in that sun-setting, and in that fair woman, that produced upon us the effect—gave us the impression—of magnificence and beauty. We give no hint as to what those appearances are; hence we are no whit nearer conveying the impression, or producing the effect, at which we aim, upon the reader. To do that, we must first discover and describe to ourselves, what are the particular features that impress us with a sense of beauty, or ugliness, or singularity, as the case may be. Therein lies the first difficulty to be overcome. The beginner is nearly always blind to its existence, until it is pointed out to him. He will almost invariably begin by discoursing of the feeling aroused in himself, which two or three adjectives suffice to

<sup>1</sup> 'Depict, but do not speak.'—*Goethe*.

define. To take a simple instance from a master:—the poet Wordsworth begins a famous sonnet by informing the reader that

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;

a statement which merely describes the effect of the evening upon Mr. Wordsworth's mind—a thing of no interest to the reader. But see how he goes on.

The holy time is quiet as a nun,  
Breathless with adoration ; . . .

That describes, under a vivid simile, or image, the particular aspect of that particular evening which produced the aforesaid effect upon the poet's mind ; hence, it produces the same effect upon the mind of the reader.

We are to remember, also, that every noun in common use inevitably carries along with it a train of associations ; so that it is impossible to use such words as 'nun,' 'church,' 'boat,' 'labourer,' 'carriage,' without calling up in the reader's mind some picture of a veiled and hooded form, some building with tower or spire, some floating vessel, some rustic, heavy-booted figure, some wheeled vehicle. These pictures will be compound pictures, like superimposed photographs, made up of all the various impressions of such objects that the reader in question has received during his life. And these pictures will differ with every person. Hence it is that we must be so careful how we use *adjectives* ; for, very often these inevitable associations render the adjective unnecessary, themselves supplying the requisite quali-



fication or detail in the reader's own mind. And every unnecessary word is a blot upon the picture.

And hence it is, also, that, in the description of persons, or familiar objects, a second difficulty arises. Since every one has two eyes, a nose and mouth, arms and legs, in the same proportion; how are we to distinguish any particular person from his fellows? and, since every common object of the same kind has the same characteristic features, and the mere mention of the noun describing it, infallibly brings those features to mind; how are we to distinguish any particular object from the rest of the same kind?

The rule is, to search for any distinctive mark, however small, which is peculiar to the person or thing—something which they alone possess.

There is a famous piece of historical description, taken from the writings of Sir Philip Warwick, a Cavalier, which may serve to illustrate this rule. Sir Philip is describing Oliver Cromwell, as he appeared to the Cavalier one day in the House of Commons.

‘The first time that ever I took notice of him,’ says Sir Philip, ‘was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes): I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a Gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth-suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; *and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band,*

which was not much larger than his collar ; his hat was without a hat-band ; his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, *his countenance swollen and reddish*, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour. . . .’

Sir Philip had a keen eye for subtle distinctions ; though his attention, upon seeing the man for the first time, was chiefly fixed upon his clothes. But the picture is indelible ; and it is as a man with a *countenance swollen and reddish*, and a *speck or two of blood upon his wrist-band*, that the Protector goes down to posterity.

Instances might be indefinitely multiplied. Here is what M. Guy de Maupassant, himself a master of descriptive art, says upon the subject :

‘It is essential to observe that which we would describe, with an effort of minute attention, protracted until we have discovered a particular aspect thereof which no one else has remarked. For, we are so accustomed to use our powers of observation in association with, influenced, handicapped, as it were, by our previous expressions, that the eye must always leave something unexplored ; and hence it is that the most trifling and commonplace object must still contain a particle of the unknown. If we would rightly describe a fire burning, or a tree growing in a field, we must remain face to face with that fire and that tree, until they no longer seem identical with others of the same kind.’

M. de Maupassant goes on to quote the advice of *son cher maître*, Flaubert, the famous writer :

‘Supposing you wish to describe to me a grocer seated at his shop-door, or a *concierge* smoking his pipe, or a *raïk*

of cabs drawn up on a cab-stand ; you are to present the grocer or the *concierge* in such a way, that their attitude and appearance may unmistakably express their character ; so that I cannot possibly confuse them henceforth with any other persons of the same kind whatsoever ; and you are to show me, in a single epithet, in what individual particular any cab-horse differs from its fellows on the rank.'

EXAMPLE  
18

### SEEING THE WIND.

Roger Ascham. (1515 (?) - 1568.)

*Toxophilus.*

To see the wind, with a man his eyes, it is impossible, the nature of it is so fine, and subtile ; yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow that fell four years ago : I rode in the highway betwixt Topcliff-upon-Swale, and Borowe Bridge, the way being somewhat trodden afore, by wayfaring men. The fields on both sides were plain and lay almost yard deep with snow, the night afore had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above. That morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft and sharp according to the time of the year. The snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse feet : so as the wind blew, it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost overnight, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the

field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly, by and by it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score on me, then the space of two score no snow would stir, but after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow at the same very time should be carried likewise, but not equally. For the one would stand still when the other flew apace, and so continue sometime swiffler, sometime slower, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Nor it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime the snow would be lift clean from the ground up into the air, and by and by it would be all clapped to the ground as though there had been no wind at all, straightway it would rise and fly again.

## SEEING THE WIND.

EXAMPLE

18 (a)

Richard Jefferies. (1848-1887.)

*Field and Hedgerow: Winds of Heaven.*

THE window rattled, the gate swung; a leaf rose, and the kitten chased it, 'whoo-oo'—the faintest sound in the key-hole. I looked up, and saw the feathers on a sparrow's breast ruffled for an instant. It was quiet for some time; after a while it came again with heavier purpose. The folded shutters shook; the latch of the kitchen door rattled as if some one were lifting it and dropped it; indefinite noises came from upstairs: there was a hand in the house moving everything. Another pause. The kitten was curled up on the window-ledge outside in the sunshine, just as the sleek cats curled up in the warmth at Thebes of old Egypt five or six thousand years ago.

the sparrow was happy at the rose tree ; a bee was happy on a broad dandelion disc. 'Soo-hoo!'—a low whistle came through the chink ; a handful of rain was flung at the window ; a great shadow rushed up the valley and strode the house in an instant as you would get over a stile. I put down my book and buttoned my coat. Soo-hoo! the wind was here and the cloud—soo-hoo! drawing out longer and more plaintive in the thin mouthpiece of the chink. The cloud had no more rain in it, but it shut out the sun ; and all that afternoon and all that night the low plaint of the wind continued in sorrowful hopelessness, and little sounds ran about the floors and round the rooms.

Still soo-hoo all the next day and sunlessness, turning the mind, through work and conversation, to pensive notes. At even the edge of the cloud lifted over the forest hill westwards, and a yellow glow, the great beacon fire of the sun, burned out, a conflagration at the verge of the world. In the night, awaking gently as one who is whispered to—listen! Ah! all the orchestra is at work—the keyhole, the chink, and the chimney ; whoo-hooing in the keyhole, whistling shrill whew-w-w! in the chink, moaning long and deep in the chimney. Over in the field the row of pines was sighing ; the wind lingered and clung to the close foliage, and each needle of the million million leaflets drew its tongue across the organ blast. A countless multitude of sighs made one continued distant undertone to the wild roar of the gable close at hand. Something seemed to be running with innumerable centipede feet over the mouth of the chimney, for the long deep moan, as I listened, resolved itself into a quick succession of touches, just as you might play with your finger-tips, fifty times a second tattooing on the hollow table. In the midst of the clangour the hearing settled down to the sighing of the pines, which drew the mind towards it, and soothed the senses to sleep.

Towards dawn, awake again—another change: the battering-ram at work now against the walls. Swinging back, the solid thickness of the wind came forward—crush! as the iron-shod ram's head hanging from its chains rushed to the tower. Crush! It sucked back again as if there had been a vacuum—a moment's silence, and crush! Blow after blow—the floor heaved; the walls were ready to come together—alternate sucking back and heavy billowy advance. Crush! crush! Blow after blow, heave and batter and hoist, as if it would tear the house up by the roots. Forty miles that battering-ram wind had travelled without so much as a bough to check it till it struck the house on the hill. Thud! thud! as if it were iron and not air. I looked from the window, and the bright morning star was shining—the sky was full of the wind and the star. As light came, the thud, thud sunk away, and nothing remained but the whoo-hoo-hoo of the keyhole and the moan of the chimney. These did not leave us; for four days and nights the whoo-hoo-hoo-whooh never ceased a moment. Whoo-hoo! whoo! and this is the wind on the hill indoors.

## SEEING THE WIND.

EXAMPLE  
18 (b)

Charles Dickens. (1812-1870.)

*David Copperfield.*

'DON'T you think that,' I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, 'a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it.'

'Nor I—not equal to it,' he replied. 'That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long.'

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of

flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way, and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.

But, as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm like showers of steel; and at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London: and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads

and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered soft rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the roaring abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out of their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm, to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zig-zag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women; whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.



The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

#### EXERCISE XIV. EXAMPLES 18, 18 (a), 18 (b).

##### SEEING THE WIND.

Roger Ascham, that excellent old author, makes a picture in words of the action of the wind upon snow, on a bright winter's day. He is one who loves to observe nature with a close attention; 'I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it,' he says, 'which maketh me now far better to remember it.' That is the secret of all profitable observation; sympathy

with, or liking for, the thing observed, which, as a natural consequence, engraves itself upon the memory, for Invention's uses. Note Ascham's homely, ingenious Diction; and collect such phrases as may serve for similar purposes; 'the nature . . . so fine and subtle . . . the great snow . . . wayfaring men . . . wind whistling aloft . . . tumble softly . . . fly wonderful fast . . . goeth by streams . . . ran in a compass.'

In the next Example the author gives a wonderful picture of the rising of a summer gale, observed from within-doors. Note the extraordinary power of Selecting minute details that convey the suggestion of the whole matter; beginning with the feathers ruffled on a sparrow's breast, and the rattling of a door, and culminating in the tremendous image of the Roman battering-ram. That the simile is no exaggeration, any one who has lived upon a hill-top can testify. Jefferies draws directly from nature; everything he depicts he has seen with his own eyes, not once but, many times, and loved. Hence the singular power and fascination of his writings.

The Example taken from the writings of Charles Dickens is one of the finest descriptions of storm and tempest in all literature. The power of Imagination (Invention) that Dickens possessed in a very high degree, has, as it were, gathered together, and wrought into one stupendous conception, the fury of every storm that ever swept these islands. Jefferies, another great and acute observer, has Imagination

too—certain things suggest certain other things: the cat on the window-ledge, her ancestor of old Egypt, the force of the gale, the ancient battering-ram—but he has no such power as this. The difference is that between one artist and another; between the less and the supreme. Note the wealth of illustration used: the frightened moon—the sweeping gusts of rain—the sheets of lead ripped from a tower—the fallen trees—the stress of little breakers in every sheet and puddle—and the magnificent image of the waves on the horizon, ‘like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings.’ But, after all analysis, the ultimate secret of the power and excellence of this masterpiece remains hidden; it is a fruit of that indefinable quality, genius. Examples from Dickens serve to show how certain things *can* be done; so that we may measure our little achievements beside those of a master.

Exercises upon such Subjects as these call forth the pupil's power of observation; and the scope of his power of observation will depend upon his sympathy with, or liking for, the object observed. The love of nature is lively, or latent, in nearly all children; in many, it becomes little less than a passion. Let the Subject set be—Seeing the Wind, as Ascham calls it—the wind's action, as manifested in any manner soever; as acting upon trees, or open country, or houses, or the sea. And let the pupil be obliged to make a definite observation of *nature with this definite end in view*; if possible,

writing his notes out of doors, face to face with his subject.

Here the business of Invention is at first to analyse—investigate, take to pieces—the scene under observation; next, in certain cases, to combine and improve; of Selection, to choose those elements that serve to suggest the rest of the picture, and so to convey the whole impression—the *effect*—it is designed to produce; and of Disposition, to arrange these elements in the order that most vividly conveys the impression; bearing in mind that, as a general rule, the *first* and *last* things mentioned, necessarily, by reason of their position, strike the dominant notes in the composition.

### THE BEAUTY ETERNAL.

EXAMPLE  
19

Richard Jefferies. (1848-1887.)

*Field and Hedgerow.*

I LISTENED to the sweetbriar wind this morning; but for weeks and weeks the stark black oaks stood straight out of the snow as masts of ships with furled sails frozen and ice-bound in the haven of the deep valley. Each was visible to the foot, set in the white slope, made individual in the wood by the brilliance of the background. Never was such a long winter. For fully two months they stood in the snow in black armour of iron bark unshaken, the front rank of the forest army that would not yield to the northern invader. Snow in broad flakes, snow in semi-flakes, snow raining down in frozen specks, whirling and twisting in fury, ice raining in small shot of frost, howling, sleeting, groaning; the ground like iron, the sky black

and faintly yellow—brutal colours of despotism—heaven striking with clenched fist. When at last the general surface cleared, still there remained the trenches and traverses of the enemy, his ramparts drifted high, and his roads marked with snow. The black firs on the ridge stood out against the frozen clouds, still and hard; the slopes of leafless larches seemed withered and brown; the distant plain far down gloomy with the same dull yellowish blackness. At a height of seven hundred feet the air was sharp as a scythe—a rude barbarian giant wind knocking at the walls of the house with a vast club, so that we crept sideways even to the windows to look out upon the world. There was everything to repel—the cold, the frost, the hardness, the snow, dark sky and ground, leaflessness; the very furze chilled and all benumbed. Yet the forest was still beautiful. There was no day that we did not, all of us, glance out at it and admire it, and say something about it. Harder and harder grew the frost, yet still the forest-clad hills possessed a something that drew the mind open to their largeness and grandeur. Earth is always beautiful—always. Without colour, or leaf, or sunshine, or song of bird and flutter of butterfly's wing; without anything sensuous, without advantage or gilding of summer—the power is ever there. Or shall we not say that the desire of the mind is ever there, and will satisfy itself, in a measure at least, even with the barren wild? The heart from the moment of its first beat instinctively longs for the beautiful; the means we possess to gratify it are limited—we are always trying to find the statue in the rude block. Out of the vast block of the earth the mind endeavours to carve itself loveliness, nobility, and grandeur. We strive for the right and the true; it is circumstance that thrusts wrong upon us.

## EXERCISE XV. EXAMPLE 19.

EXAMPLE  
19

## THE BEAUTY ETERNAL.

Here is an admirable description of Winter, written by a poet—that is, by one, who not only regards the appearances of things with a clearer vision than other men but, whose glance pierces through the outward semblance, to the soul—the idea—beneath. Behind the savage mask of Winter, he beholds the lineaments of eternal beauty. ‘Earth,’ he says, ‘is always beautiful—always.’ And he makes a picture of a day of what we call the worst kind of weather, and shows us that, even so, it is beautiful.

The author produces his effect in the Example largely by the use of simile and metaphor. He likens the winter forest, to a fleet of ships; and then to a defensive army, with winter as an invading force; he images the north wind, as a giant with a club; and the whole visible earth, to a sculptor’s block of marble. Such images are dangerous things to play with; but the author’s knowledge of nature is so unerring and profound that he is able to use these instruments with marvellous effect. Note his Selection of details to illustrate the infinite, innumerable beauties of summer; and how completely these details *suggest* a whole picture:—‘. . . colour, or leaf, or sunshine, or song of bird and flutter of butterfly’s wing.’

Let the pupil, then, take a forbidding, desolate, or

harsh aspect of nature, and make a picture in like manner; and let him so order his composition, as to manifest whatever of beauty there may be; the beauty that is always there, awaiting discovery—the sleeping Princess, who ever waits the Prince.

EXAMPLE  
20

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

William Cowper. (1731-1800.)

*Letter to Lady Hesketh.*

WE have never had so many visitors, but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. *Imprimis*, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author; it was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made. But, a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became

paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan, at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

## THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

EXAMPLE  
20 (a)

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*Underwoods: The House Beautiful.*

*A naked house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit  
And poplars at the garden foot:  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,  
Your garden gloom and gleam again,  
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.  
Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
The heavens, in the crimson end  
Of day's declining splendour; here  
The army of the stars appear.



The neighbour hollows dry or wet,  
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;  
 And oft the morning muser see  
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
 And every fairy wheel and thread  
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.  
 When daisies go, shall winter time  
 Silver the simple grass with rime ;  
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;  
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,  
 How shall your children clap their hands !  
 To make this earth our hermitage,  
 A cheerful and a changeful page,  
 God's bright and intricate device  
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

EXAMPLE  
 20 (b)

### THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

J. H. Shorthouse.

*Sir Percival: Kingswood.*

I SUPPOSE that no one ever denied that Kingswood was a beautiful house, though some may have objected to it on the ground of inconvenience. It stood in the centre of an agricultural and wooded country, remote, with one slight exception, from any mining or manufacturing population. It was immediately surrounded by acres, or, I should rather say, miles of chase and forest, untouched since the Saxon time, when it had been the favourite hunting-ground of king and etheling. Through miles of tangled fern and forest glade the narrow, unkempt drive led to the house, a series of low, almost detached buildings surrounding a quadrangle. The entrance hall was said to date from the *Saxon time*; but if this cannot be accepted, the house

itself as a whole was certainly one of the most ancient inhabited houses in England. The deer came up unchecked, amid the beds of fern, to the long low front, which was more regular than the other sides of the quadrangle, with small windows at regular intervals at some height from the ground, which lighted in fact only the upper rooms, and pierced in the centre by a gateway in a low cupolaed tower. This front was said to have been added in the reign of Henry the Seventh, when the house was restored after the wars. Inside the quadrangle, in the centre of the gravel, stood the tall pillar of a sundial, erected on a base of four steps, and having four gnomons, one on each of its four sides. Opposite to the entrance gate, up a flight of curved steps, was the door of the great hall. The stone door frame, supported by pillars in half relief, and carved with a profusion of armorial quarterings, was carried up to the roof, and, at the time of which I speak, was in perfect preservation, having some years before been most carefully restored. It gave a richness and perfection to this aspect of the house which it would otherwise have lacked. The rest of the quadrangle was most irregular in character, having square projections and windows both square and circular in mullioned stone frames, roofs of distinct buildings and of different heights, and chimneys of every form and size. In certain sheltered parts ivy and other creeping plants had grown up the walls, but in general the mellowed stonework was perceptible, interspersed in one or two places with the small red brickwork of the Jacobean time. Not a stone was allowed to decay without being replaced, and this exquisite nicety and perfection of detail, contrasted with the rustic woodland surroundings, was the distinct charm of the place.

Inside, the hall reached to the roof, and was lighted by two high square windows, with diamond panes of glass, on either side of the door. It was entirely panelled, as indeed was the whole house, with oak. On the right hand, as

you entered, was an immense stone fireplace which reached to the rafters of the open roof, and was carved with an elaborate sculpture, representing Actæon being devoured by his hounds. The other furniture consisted of a comparatively modern oak table of massive size, two or three high-backed chairs, some skins of deer thrown upon the hearth, and a curious collection of armour arranged along the upper part of the walls. This armour was considered to be one of the curiosities of the place. The tradition was that it consisted of pieces of armour which were too old and obsolete to be used when a troop was equipped for the king's service at Edgehill; and that, as very few of the more modern weapons, offensive and defensive, survived Marston Moor and Naseby to return to the ancestral home, these relics of a still remoter past were rearranged and burnished up to make the best show they could on the denuded walls. They certainly, except perhaps to the eye of the expert, presented in no way an imposing appearance; but for this reason, perhaps, they were the more valuable. I think I have heard of gorgeous suits of restored steel armour, at which some have been inclined to scoff.

To the right of the hall, by the side of the fireplace, was a door opening into an apartment which contained a staircase. These staircases were a feature of Kingswood. They were innumerable; indeed, the several parts of the house were so disjointed and the storeys so irregular that there was little communication between them, and almost every part required a separate staircase. These were generally composed of a number of short flights consisting of three or four steps each, and went wandering and twisting about in all sorts of surprising directions. They were all panelled with oak, most of it bleached almost white with age and sunshine, and twisted and worn out of its original shape, as were also the irregular steps. They were ornamented, sparsely, with pictures, mostly of the Dutch school; and I do not know that I delighted

in anything more during the long years of childhood—and how long those years of childhood were!—in this wonderful house, in which I found so much delight, than I did in brooding over some exquisite bit of landscape or winter skating piece, some meadow scene of Cuyp or some wayside group of Berghem, standing out, a brilliant gem, from the waste of pale oak panel, which contrasted and yet harmonised so perfectly with its repose and with its truth.

The presence of these pictures in such profusion at Kingswood is easily explained. After the Restoration, while the great estates and palaces belonging to the family, or which were obtained by them, were being recovered, and nursed, Kingswood was the residence with which crippled fortunes obliged them to be content; and the exile, who returned from Holland with his king, had contracted a taste for the Dutch school of painters, and yearly imported works of the best masters. There was then no landscape school of art existing in England, and this taste, though creditable, was not, I think, surprising.

A doorway, by the side of the staircase I have mentioned as being close to the hall, led into the drawing-room, which was situated at the back of the hall and faced the south. This room had a more modern appearance than most of the other apartments. It had been decorated in the last century during a temporary residence of the heir of the dukedom. The oak panelling had been painted white, and wreaths of fruit and flowers carved in wood, after the manner of Gibbons, had been introduced. The alternate spaces were filled with silver sconces, and between them some of the best pictures and portraits in the house had been hung. Close by the entrance door was a portrait by Gainsborough. It represented a boy dressed in what the last century chose to call a Vandyke costume—a costume familiar to all from the celebrated pictures of the Blue Boy.

EXAMPLE  
20 (c)

## THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

Owen Felltham. (16—1677.)

### *A Brief Character of the Low Countries.*

WHEN you are entered the house, the first thing you encounter is a looking-glass. No question but a true emblem of politic hospitality; for though it reflects yourself in your own figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it. When you are gone once, it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you ere were there.

The next are the vessels of the house marshalled about the room like watchmen. All as neat as if you were in a citizens' wives' cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of God's creatures lose anything of their native beauty.

Their houses, especially in their cities, are the best eye beauties of their country. For cost and sight they far exceed our English, but they want their magnificence. Their lining is yet more rich than their outside; not in hangings, but in pictures, which even the poorest are there furnisht with. Not a cobbler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew Fair in Europe.

Whatsoever their estates be, their house must be fair. Therefore from Amsterdam they have banished sea-coal, lest it soil their buildings, of which the statelier sort are sometimes sententious, and in the front carry some conceit of the owner. As to give you a taste in these :

*Christus Adjutor Meus ;  
Hoc abdicato Perenne Quæro ;  
Hic Medio tutius Itur.*

Every door seems studded with diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there were not a quality incident to iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the andirons shut up in network. At a second, the warming-pan muffled in Italian cut-work. At a third, the sconce clad in cambric.

EXERCISE XVII. EXAMPLES 20, 20 (*a*), 20 (*b*), 20 (*c*).

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

Here is a simple Subject, ready to hand, familiar, endeared (or, perhaps, the reverse) by many associations. Invention has an easy task, for the materials are already prepared, and it needs but to recall them; Selection makes choice of salient details; Disposition orders them in the rank of their relative importance in the Composition; and the Diction is adapted to the particular kind of subject in hand. Note, for instance, the difference in the diction between William Cowper's easy, polished, conversational writing, and Stevenson's eloquent verses; between Mr. Shorthouse's loose and wordy style, and the terse seventeenth century prose of the old author, Owen Felltham. For, each author had a widely different effect in view, and adapted his diction to suit his purpose. Cowper revels in a snug domesticity, as of a tame cat; Stevenson, in the surrounding glories of his home; Mr. Shorthouse puts his narrative in the mouth of the heroine of the tale, who would naturally describe the

house she so delighted in, colloquially and unconventionally; Felltham writes as one intent upon moralising what he sees.

Let the pupil take the one point of view that appeals to him, and let everything in his composition be subordinated thereto.

SAMPLE  
21

### A PORTRAIT.

Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832.)

#### *Rob Roy.*

I HAD never seen this man in the dress of his country, which set in a striking point of view the peculiarities of his form. A shock-head of red hair, which the hat and periwig of the Lowland costume had in a great measure concealed, was seen beneath the Highland bonnet, and verified the epithet of *Roy*, or Red, by which he was much better known in the Low Country than by any other, and is still, I suppose, best remembered. The justice of the appellation was also vindicated by the appearance of that part of his limbs, from the bottom of his kilt to the top of his short hose, which the fashion of his country dress left bare, and which was covered with a fell of thick, short, red hair, especially around his knees, which resembled in this respect, as well as from their sinewy appearance of extreme strength, the limbs of a red-coloured Highland bull. Upon the whole, betwixt the effect produced by the change of dress, and by my having become acquainted with his real and formidable character, his appearance had acquired to my eyes something so much wilder and more striking than it before presented, that I could scarce recognise him to be the same person.

His manner was bold, unconstrained unless by the actual bonds, haughty, and even dignified.

## A PORTRAIT.

EXAMPLE  
21 (a)

From a letter of Señor Don Francisco de Zarate in the  
'History of the Royal Navy.'

*Sir Francis Drake.*

THE English general is about thirty-five years of age, short of stature, with a red beard, and one of the best sailors that sail the seas, both in respect of boldness and to capacity for command. His ship (*The Golden Hind*) is of near 400 tons burthen, with a hundred men on board, all young and of an age for battle, and all drilled as well as the oldest veterans of our army of Italy. Each one is bound to keep his arquebus clean. Drake treats them all with affection, and they him with respect. He has also with him nine or ten gentlemen, the younger sons of great people in England. Some of them are in his councils, but he has no favourite. These sit at his table, and he is served in silver plate with a coat-of-arms engraved on the dishes; and music is played at his dinner and supper.

## A PORTRAIT.

EXAMPLE  
21 (b)

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*Treasure Island.*

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed



in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favoured of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old 'Benbow.' But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

#### EXERCISE XVIII. EXAMPLES 21, 21 (a), 21 (b).

##### A PORTRAIT.

Sir Walter Scott puts the description of Rob Roy into the mouth of the hero of his tale, thus giving the portrait of an historical personage a certain air of freshness. Note how the author's Imagination (Invention), bringing the figure of the wild freebooter clearly before his mental vision, selects certain features, peculiar to Rob Roy, to present to the reader; which features suggest, so far as may be, the whole man: the shock-head of red hair, and the strong knees, like the knees of a red bull; and (elsewhere in the narrative) the powerful arms, whose length enabled their owner to unbuckle his garter without stooping. The description of his dress, and his manner—'bold, unconstrained . . . haughty, and even dignified'—completes the portrait. But, his dress and manner were not, like the other features

described, peculiar to Rob Roy; they were common to his clan, at least; so the dress is merely indicated, and the manner conveyed, not by description of the minute physical characteristics by which it was actually expressed in nature but, in so many words. So that, on the one hand, the man is sharply distinguished from his fellows, and, on the other, brought into the same category; and the portrait is complete.

From the note of Sir Francis Drake by the Spanish nobleman, we learn more of the *character* of that renowned commander than of his personal appearance. Remark that the author selects for the illustration of his subject the *effects* of the man's character. He does not tell us that Drake *was* a martinet; but—what is much more forcible—that the hundred men aboard his ship, though they were young, were 'all drilled as well as the oldest veterans of our army of Italy. Each one is bound to keep his arquebus clean.' Nor does he tell us that Drake *was* a man of strict justice; but, that he 'treats them all with affection, and they him with respect, . . . but he has no favourite.' The author adds the touches of the silver plate, and the music played at meals; and the portrait is complete so far as it goes. And it would be hard to pack a more significant set of Selections in a smaller compass.

In Stevenson's spirited, sinister sketch of Captain Silver, we have character and aspect presented together, as in nature. There is nothing recorded of

his personal appearance that does not vividly express something of the man's peculiar character. 'He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling,' says the author. That sentence is a little masterpiece of descriptive art. The simile used is so homely and forcible, and yet so new, that it strikes home the impression at a blow. There is but one way to attain an effect like that; to observe with your own eyes, and, unafraid, to set down your own impression in your own terms. If the result be unlike the result achieved by any one else, why, so much the better.

Let the pupil take for his Subject—A Portrait; the portrait of some one with whom he is well acquainted; or, if he prefers, that of an historical figure; and let him present his subject in as few touches as possible. Let him study to learn, especially, from these Examples, how to Select. For, he will find that to attempt to record the whole inventory of personal characteristics, with which observation or Invention will provide him, will but defeat his purpose.

EXAMPLE  
22

CLOUD SCENERY.

Mark Twain.

*More Tramps Abroad.*

FREQUENTLY, in Australia, one has cloud-effects of an *unfamiliar* sort. We had this kind of scenery, finely

staged, all the way to Ballarat, consequently we saw more sky than country on that journey. At one time a great stretch of the vault was densely flecked with wee ragged-edged flakes of painfully white cloud stuff, all of one shape and size, and equidistant apart, with narrow cracks of adorable blue showing between. The whole was suggestive of a hurricane of snowflakes drifting across the skies. By and by these flakes fused themselves together in interminable lines, with shady faint hollows between the lines, the long, satin-surfaced rollers following each other in simulated movement, and enchantingly counterfeiting the majestic march of a flowing sea. Later, the sea solidified itself; then gradually broke up its mass into innumerable lofty white pillars of about one size, and ranged these across the firmament, in receding and fading perspective, in the similitude of a stupendous colonnade—a mirage, without a doubt, flung from the far Gates of the Hereafter.

## CLOUD SCENERY.

EXAMPLE  
22 (a)

Richard Jefferies. (1848-1887.)

*Field and Hedgerow : Winds of Heaven.*

IN April, six miles away in the valley, a vast cloud came down with swan-shot of hail, black as blackest smoke, overwhelming house and wood, all gone and mixed with the sky; and behind the mass there followed a white cloud, sunlit, dragging along the ground like a cumulus fallen to the earth. At sunset the sky cleared, and under the glowing rim of the sun a golden wind drove the host of vapour before it, scattering it to the right and left. Large pieces caught and tore themselves in the trees of the forest, and one curved fragment hurled from the ridge

fell in the narrow coombe, lit up as it came down with golden sunset rays, standing out bright against the shadowed wood. Down it came slowly as it were with outstretched arms, loth to fall, carrying the coloured light of the sky to the very surface of the earth.

EXERCISE XIX. EXAMPLES 22, 22 (a).

CLOUD SCENERY.

Wherever we may be, on sea or land, or prisoned in a town, there is always the pageantry of the sky outspread for our enjoyment. In the continual change and movement of atmosphere and cloud, there recur moments of peculiar beauty—moments of *effect*; when the light and shadow and colour and the scattered masses of vapour come together in a kind of design. These are the moments we should seize; as in the two Examples quoted. In the Example taken from Mark Twain's writings, the diction is most apt and vivid, but without much attempt to attain musical rhythm. The Example of Jefferies' work is a piece of perfect workmanship; the Subject accurately and sympathetically observed, and deftly pictured.

Let the pupil take an opportunity, as occasion serves, to observe some effect of atmosphere, light, and cloud; and let him make as exact a picture in words as he can. His success must largely depend upon his range of Diction.

## A LANDSCAPE.

EXAMPLE  
23

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*Across the Plains.*

IN spite of its really considerable extent, the forest of Fontainebleau is hardly anywhere tedious. I know the whole western side of it with what, I suppose, I may call thoroughness; well enough at least to testify that there is no square mile without some special character and charm. Such quarters, for instance, as the Long Rocher, the Bas-Bréau, and the Reine Blanche, might be a hundred miles apart; they have scarce a point in common beyond the silence of the birds. The two last are really continuous; and in both are tall and ancient trees that have outlived a thousand political vicissitudes. But in the one the great oaks prosper placidly upon an even floor; they beshadow a great field; and the air and the light are very free below their stretching boughs. In the other the trees find difficult footing; castles of white rock lie tumbled one upon another, the foot slips, the crooked viper slumbers, the moss clings in the crevice; and above it all the great beech goes spiring and casting forth her arms, and, with a grace beyond church architecture, canopies this rugged chaos. Meanwhile, dividing the two cantons, the broad white causeway of the Paris road runs in an avenue; a road conceived for pageantry and for triumphal marches, an avenue for an army; but, its days of glory over, it now lies grilling in the sun between cool groves, and only at intervals the vehicle of the cruising tourist is seen far away and faintly audible along its ample sweep. A little upon one side, and you will find a district of sand and birch and boulder; a little upon the other lies the valley of Apremont, all juniper and heather; and close beyond

that you may walk into a zone of pine-trees. So artfully are the ingredients mingled. Nor must it be forgotten that, in all this part, you come continually forth upon a hill-top, and behold the plain, northward and westward, like an unrefulgent sea ; nor that all day long the shadows keep changing ; and at last, to the red fires of sunset, night succeeds, and with the night a new forest, full of whisper, gloom, and fragrance. There are few things more renovating than to leave Paris, the lamplit arches of the Carrousel, and the long alignment of the glittering streets, and to bathe the senses in this fragrant darkness of the wood.

EXAMPLE  
23 (a)

A LANDSCAPE.

Richard Jefferies. (1848-1887.)

*The Open Air: Downs.*

A GOOD road is recognised as the groundwork of civilisation. So long as there is a firm and artificial track under his feet the traveller may be said to be in contact with city and town, no matter how far they may be distant. A yard or two outside the railway in America the primeval forest or prairie often remains untouched ; and much in the same way, though in a less striking degree at first sight, some of our own highways winding through Down districts are bounded by undisturbed soil. Such a road wears for itself a hollow, and the bank at the top is fringed with long rough grass hanging over the crumbling chalk. Broad discs of greater knapweed with stalks like wire, and yellow toad-flax with spotted lip grow among it. Grasping this tough grass as a handle to climb up by, the explorer finds a rising slope of sward, and having walked over the first ridge, shutting off the road behind him, is at once out of civilisation. There is no noise. Wherever there are men there is a hum, even in the harvest-field ;

and in the road below, though lonely, there is sometimes the sharp clatter of hoofs or the grating of wheels on flints. But here the long, long slopes, the endless ridges, the gaps between, hazy and indistinct, are absolutely without noise. In the sunny autumn day the peace of the sky overhead is reflected in the silent earth. Looking out over the steep hills, the first impression is of an immense void like the sea ; but there are sounds in detail, the twitter of passing swallows, the restless buzz of bees at the thyme, the rush of the air beaten by a ringdove's wings. These only increase the sense of silent peace, for in themselves they soothe ; and how minute the bee beside this hill, and the dove to the breadth of the sky ! A white speck of thistle-down comes upon a current too light to swing a harebell or be felt by the cheek. The furze-bushes are lined with thistle-down, blown there by a breeze now still ; it is glossy in the sunbeams, and the yellow hawkweeds cluster beneath. The sweet, clear air, though motionless at this height, cools the rays ; but the sun seems to pause and neither to rise higher nor decline. It is the space open to the eye which apparently arrests his movement. There is no noise, and there are no men.

#### EXERCISE XX. EXAMPLES 23, 23 (a).

##### A LANDSCAPE.

The landscape-painting of Stevenson is conceived upon broader lines than are the pictures of Richard Jefferies, with their extraordinary beauty of minute detail ; indeed, Stevenson's work is scene-painting rather than landscape-painting. Nevertheless, it has all the qualities that make for excellence : a delicate insight and lively imagination whose results are



bodied forth in language coloured, eloquent, and musical. He fitted his Diction exactly to his thought: it was thus and thus and not otherwise—so fortunately gifted was he—that he beheld the appearances of life. And hence it is, that a mechanical imitation of his alluring style is so dangerous a snare. For, in so far as any given writer differs in temperament from his model, will the adoption of the methods of his model falsify his own. But Stevenson's work should serve as an example of what a great range of effects and uses lies within the capacities of the English language. The landscape pictured by Richard Jefferies is another example of the excellences of his work. [See Examples 18 (*a*), 19, and 22 (*a*), and comments.]

Let the pupil take for his Subject—A Landscape; or (if he will) A Seascape; and let him treat it as these authors treat theirs; that is, by setting down what he sees, as he sees it, to the best of his ability.

III. *Dialogue*. A dialogue may be defined, at first, as a story, or a part of a story, told in conversation. A story is the relation of an incident—something which comes to pass—or series of incidents in the Evolution of a Problem, attended by appropriate circumstances; and so is a conversation; and as a story may deal with any kind of incident, so may a conversation. Incident, is a term that is used to cover the whole range of things that come to pass; it is equally applicable to the most trifling exhibition

of character, or the least manifestation in nature—the turn of an eyelid, a momentary attitude, a passing gleam of sunlight, a twisted blade of grass—which makes a factor in the chain of events; to the greatest human action, or the most tremendous natural phenomenon—a battle of nations, an earthquake, a tropical thunderstorm—which makes a part of the plot in due proportion. So it is, that a conversation, while it may deal with all these things, still takes as the subject most suitable to its peculiar form of give-and-take, or question and answer, the exhibition of character or passion. The points of character revealed unconsciously to themselves, by the persons speaking, form, in this case, the incidents of the story, or part of a story, they are unfolding, or helping to unfold. And, in any case, there can be no Dialogue *without* character. There must be two *persons* engaged in expressing, or relating, somewhat from their own point of view, which is determined by their individual character.

The Dialogue is commonly used also as the vehicle of an essay; as the means of making plain a truth or an idea.

## THE SCOFFER.

EXAMPLE  
24

John Bunyan. (1628-1688.)

*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Now, after a while they perceived afar off, one coming softly and alone, all along the highway, to meet them.

Then said Christian to his fellow, 'Yonder is a man with his back towards Zion, and he is coming to meet us.'

HOPEFUL. I see him ; let us take heed to ourselves, lest he should prove a flatterer also.

So he drew nearer and nearer, and at last came up to them. His name was Atheist, and he asked them whither they were going.

CHRISTIAN. We are going to Mount Zion.

Then Atheist fell into a very great laughter.

CHRISTIAN. What is the meaning of your laughter ?

ATHEIST. I laugh to see what ignorant persons you are, to take upon yourselves so tedious a journey, and yet are like to have nothing but your travel for your pains.

CHRISTIAN. Why, man, do you think we shall not be received ?

ATHEIST. Received ! There is no such a place as you dream of in all this world.

CHRISTIAN. But there is in the world to come.

ATHEIST. When I was at home in mine own country, I heard as you now affirm, and, from that hearing, went out to see, and have been seeking this city these twenty years, but find no more of it than I did the first day I set out (Jer. xxii. 12 ; Eccles. x. 15).

CHRISTIAN. We have both heard and believe that there is such a place to be found.

ATHEIST. Had not I, when at home, believed, I had not come thus far to seek ; but, finding none (and yet I should had there been such a place to be found, for I have gone to seek it farther than you), I am going back again, and will seek to refresh myself with the things that I then cast away for hopes of that which I now see is not.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian to Hopeful his fellow, 'Is it true which this man hath said ?'

HOPEFUL. Take heed ; he is one of the flatterers. Remember what it hath cost us once already for hearkening to such kind of fellows. What ! no Mount Zion ?

Did we not see from the Delectable Mountains the gate of the city? Also are we not now to walk by faith? (2 Cor. v. 7). Let us go on, lest the man with the whip overtake us again. You should have taught me that lesson, which I will round you in the ears withal: 'Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge' (Prov. xix. 27). I say, my brother, cease to hear him, and let us believe to the saving of the soul (Heb. x. 39).

CHRISTIAN. My brother, I did not put the question to thee, for that I doubted of the truth of our belief myself, but to prove thee, and to fetch from thee a fruit of the honesty of thy heart. As for this man, I know that he is blinded by the god of this world. Let thee and I go on, knowing that we have belief of the truth, and no lie is of the truth (1 John ii. 21).

HOPEFUL. Now do I rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

So they turned away from the man, and he, laughing at them, went his way.

## EXERCISE XXI. EXAMPLE 24.

### THE SCOFFER.

The Problem in this little episode in the Evolution of the main Problem of the Story is, How to dissuade two honest men from their enterprise? Atheist uses scorn as a means to his end; while Christian and Hopeful rebut his taunts with a simple confession of faith. Note that the character of Atheist is that of a man naturally inclined to scoff at all opinions not his own. Doubtless he had many other characteristics; but, this being the only one that is necessary

to the author's design, the rest are ignored by him. The characters of the two pilgrims are those of men naturally humble and prone to accept authority; and, in the same way, it is with these characteristics alone that the author deals. The expression, by either party, of their respective characters, makes the Dialogue.

We may note, as always in Bunyan's work, a variety of useful phrases (see Examples 9 and 10, and comments):—'. . . coming softly and alone . . . take heed to ourselves . . . a very great laughter . . . so tedious a journey . . . round you in the ears.'

Let the pupil take for his Subject—A Dialogue between two persons, one of whom is firmly settled in a certain course of action, which the other, for reasons of his own, derides. The course of action in question should be one of which the pupil is more or less qualified to judge, as:—the course of action implied in abstinence from any given form of pleasure; or, the study of antiquity; or, the pursuit of any trade or profession; or, marriage, celibacy, travelling, staying at home, etc. The Dialogue must be a complete study, with Introduction, Evolution, and Conclusion. The principal difficulties present themselves at the Introduction and Conclusion. Only practice and patient study of Examples will overcome them.

## OF LIFE AND DEATH.

EXAMPLE

25

George Borrow. (1803-1881.)

*Lavengro.*

I NOW wandered along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

‘That’s not you, Jasper?’

‘Indeed, brother!’

‘I’ve not seen you for years.’

‘How should you, brother?’

‘What brings you here?’

‘The fight, brother.’

‘Where are the tents?’

‘On the old spot, brother.’

‘Any news since we parted?’

‘Two deaths, brother.’

‘Who are dead, Jasper?’

‘Father and mother, brother

‘Where did they die?’

‘Where they were sent, brother.’

‘And Mrs. Herne?’

‘She’s alive, brother.’

‘Where is she now?’

‘In Yorkshire, brother.’

‘What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?’ said I, as I sat down beside him.

‘My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing—

Cana marel o manus chivios andé puv,  
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi.

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter.'

'And do you think that is the end of a man?'

'There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity.'

'Why do you say so?'

'Life is sweet, brother.'

'Do you think so?'

'Think so!—There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?'

'I would wish to die——'

'You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed!—A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!'

'In sickness, Jasper?'

'There's the sun and stars, brother.'

'In blindness, Jasper?'

'There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!'

## EXERCISE XXII. EXAMPLE 25.

### OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Here is a Dialogue between two vagabonds—George Borrow, of various renown, and Mr. Petulengro, chief *among* gipsies. The one seeks for enlightenment,

and to him the other expounds his pagan creed. The Subject is so large, that it is easy to select a single aspect thereof for discussion. The Problem is, Is it better to live than to die? Mr. Petulengro has his own Solution, which accords exactly with his character. Note the picturesque Introduction, and the ingenuity of the Conclusion.

Let the pupil take the same Problem, choosing his two characters with regard to the particular Solution that appeals to him. Every one has his own reason for loving life. The one person of the Dialogue must be (or pretend to be) uncertain as to what his reason is; the other, must be enamoured of the simple joys his destiny has brought him. So is the Problem solved.

## ON MELANCHOLY.

EXAMPLE

26

William Shakespeare. (1564-1616.)

*As You Like It*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

JAQUES. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

JAQUES. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is



ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these ; but it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES. Yes, I have gained my experience.

### EXERCISE XXIII. EXAMPLE 26.

#### ON MELANCHOLY.

Here the Problem is,—How shall Rosalind become better acquainted with Jaques ? Rosalind herself states the Problem, and Jaques kindly provides the Solution, by discoursing of that chief characteristic which marks him out from among his fellows—melancholy. The character of Rosalind is that of one casually interested in the other, yet carelessly witty at his expense ; of Jaques, that of a melancholy philosopher, both conscious of, and pleased with, the peculiarity of his own temperament. Note the Diction of Shakespeare ; terse, swift-running, eloquent, inimitably musical. His prose, as much of his verse, touches perfection.

Let the pupil take two like characters, selecting two persons with whom he is acquainted, possessing *the* required characteristics, to serve as unconscious

models. The one character must be designed to induce the other to express himself; and he (or she) may be sympathetic, or witty, or anything, so long as that end is achieved. The other must be inspired with a ruling passion of some sort—melancholy, or another; it does not matter what, so he eloquently dilate upon it. And, for the sake of the practice it affords, let their conversation be expressed in Shakespearian terms.

## A PRESENT TO A POOR RELATION.

EXAMPLE  
27

William Makepeace Thackeray. (1811-1863.)

*The Great Hoggarty Diamond.*

THE last day of my holiday I was obliged, of course, to devote to Mrs. Hoggarty. My aunt was excessively gracious; and by way of a treat brought out a couple of bottles of the black currant, of which she made me drink the greater part. At night when all the ladies assembled at her party had gone off with their pattens and their maids, Mrs. Hoggarty, who had made a signal to me to stay, first blew out three of the wax candles in the drawing-room, and taking the fourth in her hand, went and unlocked her escritoire.

I can tell you my heart beat, though I pretended to look quite unconcerned.

‘Sam, my dear,’ said she, as she was fumbling with her keys, ‘take another glass of Rosolio’ (that was the name by which she baptized the cursed beverage): ‘it will do you good.’ I took it, and you might have seen my hand tremble as the bottle went click—click against the glass. By the time I had swallowed it, the old lady had finished

her operations at the bureau, and was coming towards me, the wax candle bobbing in one hand and a large parcel in the other.

‘Now’s the time,’ I thought.

‘Samuel, my dear nephew,’ said she, ‘your first name you received from your sainted uncle, my blessed husband; and of all my nephews and nieces, you are the one whose conduct in life has most pleased me.’

When you consider that my aunt herself was one of seven married sisters, that all the Hoggarties were married in Ireland and mothers of numerous children, I must say that the compliment my aunt paid me was a very handsome one.

‘Dear aunt,’ says I, in a slow, agitated voice, ‘I have often heard you say there were seventy-three of us in all, and believe me I do think your high opinion of me very complimentary indeed: I’m unworthy of it—indeed I am.’

‘As for those odious Irish people,’ says my aunt, rather sharply, ‘don’t speak of them; I hate them, and every one of their mothers’ (the fact is, there had been a lawsuit about Hoggarty’s property); ‘but of all my other kindred, you, Samuel, have been the most dutiful and affectionate to me. Your employers in London give the best accounts of your regularity and good conduct. Though you have had eighty pounds a year (a liberal salary), you have not spent a shilling more than your income, as other young men would; and you have devoted your month’s holidays to your old aunt, who, I assure you, is grateful.’

‘Oh, ma’am!’ said I. It was all that I could utter.

‘Samuel,’ continued she, ‘I promised you a present, and here it is. I first thought of giving you money; but you are a regular lad; and don’t want it. You are above money, dear Samuel. I give you what I value most in life—the p,—the po,—the po-ortrait of my sainted Hoggarty’ (*tears*), ‘set in the locket which contains the valuable diamond that you have often heard me speak of.

Wear it, dear Sam, for my sake ; and think of that angel in heaven, and of your dear Aunt Susy.'

She put the machine into my hands : it was about the size of the lid of a shaving-box : and I should as soon have thought of wearing it as of wearing a cocked-hat and pig-tail. I was so disgusted and disappointed that I really could not get out a single word.

When I recovered my presence of mind a little, I took the locket out of the bit of paper (the locket indeed ! it was as big as a barndoor padlock), and slowly put it into my shirt. 'Thank you, aunt,' said I, with admirable raillery. 'I shall always value this present for the sake of you, who gave it me ; and it will recall to me my uncle, and my thirteen aunts in Ireland.'

'I don't want you to wear it in *that* way !' shrieked Mrs. Hoggarty, 'with the hair of those odious carroty women. You must have their hair removed.'

'Then the locket will be spoiled, aunt.'

'Well, sir, never mind the locket ; have it set afresh.'

'Or suppose,' said I, 'I put aside the setting altogether : it is a little too large for the present fashion ; and have the portrait of my uncle framed and placed over my chimney-piece, next to yours. It's a sweet miniature.'

'That miniature,' said Mrs. Hoggarty solemnly, 'was the great Mulcahy's *chef-d'œuvre*' (pronounced *shy dewver*, a favourite word of my aunt's ; being, with the words *bong-tong* and *ally mode de Parry*, the extent of her French vocabulary). 'You know the dreadful story of that poor artist. When he had finished that wonderful likeness for the late Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, county Mayo, she wore it in her bosom at the Lord Lieutenant's ball, where she played a game of piquet with the Commander-in-Chief. What could have made her put the hair of her vulgar daughters round Mick's portrait, I can't think ; but so it was, as you see it this day. "Madam," says the Commander-in-Chief, "if that is not my friend Mick

Hoggarty, I'm a Dutchman!" Those were his Lordship's very words. Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty took off the brooch and showed it to him.'

"Who is the artist?" says my Lord. "It's the most wonderful likeness I ever saw in my life!"

"Mulcahy," says she, "of Ormond's Quay."

"Begad, I patronise him!" says my Lord; but presently his face darkened, and he gave back the picture with a dissatisfied air. "There is one fault in that portrait," said his Lordship, who was a rigid disciplinarian; "and I wonder that my friend Mick, as a military man, should have overlooked it."

"What's that?" says Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty.

"Madam, he has been painted WITHOUT HIS SWORD-BELT!" And he took up the cards again in a passion, and finished the game without saying a single word.

'The news was carried to Mr. Mulcahy the next day, and that unfortunate artist *went mad immediately!* He had set his whole reputation upon this miniature, and declared that it should be faultless. Such was the effect of the announcement upon his susceptible heart! When Mrs. Hoggarty died, your uncle took the portrait and always wore it himself. His sisters said it was for the sake of the diamond; whereas, ungrateful things! it was merely on account of their hair, and his love for the fine arts. As for the poor artist, my dear, some people said it was the profuse use of spirit that brought on delirium tremens; but I don't believe it. Take another glass of Rosolio.'

#### EXERCISE XXIV. EXAMPLE 27.

##### A PRESENT TO A POOR RELATION.

Here is an Example of *writing in character*: the author (like an actor) deliberately assuming for the

nonce the character of his hero, and speaking with his hero's voice, tells his own story. By the adoption of this method, the hero is brought as it were into more immediate relation with the audience; the story proceeding without, as in the alternative method, the interposition of the showman, the author himself. The Problem is—so far as this extract is concerned—How much can the impecunious dependant make out of his rich patron? The author's Invention of the means of the Solution is both witty and ingenious; he makes the patron a whimsical old lady, and the dependant, her nephew, an honest, conventional youth with fashionable ambitions. The nephew must manfully conceal his chagrin at, what he considers, the shabbiness of his present. Note the aptness and excellence of the circumstantial details—the Rosolio—the locket—the miniature—the anecdote of the Commander-in-Chief and the Artist; and the skill with which the Diction is adapted to the author's requirements.

The story is related in admirable dialogue, characteristic, terse, and witty; an excellent example of dialogue-narration. It is, indeed, cited rather as an Example of such excellence, than as a model subject for an Exercise; but, if the same Subject be taken, it will resolve itself into,—A present given by a rich and whimsical patron, to an anxious and subservient dependant, who is forced to dissemble his disappointment at the nature of the gift. Written in the character either of the patron, or the dependant.

SAMPLE  
28

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL ATTITUDE.

Robert Louis Stevenson. (1850-1894.)

*The Treasure of Franchard.*

THE sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day ; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight ; a few birds that turned about it, seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity ; and the Doctor, walking in long transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentaillon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognised Jean-Marie.

'Aha !' he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. 'So we rise early in the morning, do we ? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher.'

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

'And how is our patient ?' asked Desprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

'And why do you rise early in the morning ?' he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

'You hardly know ?' repeated Desprez. 'We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it ?'

'Yes,' said the boy slowly ; 'yes, I like it.'

'And why do you like it ?' continued the Doctor. '(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it ?'

'It is quiet,' answered Jean-Marie; 'and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good.'

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. 'It appears you have a taste for feeling good,' said the Doctor. 'Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible.'

'Is it very bad to steal?' asked Jean-Marie.

'Such is the general opinion, little boy,' replied the Doctor.

'No; but I mean as I stole,' explained the other. 'For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing,' he added. 'I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me.' (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word 'priest.') 'But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread.'

'And so I suppose,' said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, 'you prayed to God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length.'

'Why, sir?' asked Jean-Marie. 'I do not see.'

'Your priest would see, however,' retorted Desprez.

'Would he?' asked the boy, troubled for the first time. 'I should have thought God would have known.'

'Eh?' snarled the Doctor.

'I should have thought God would have understood me,' replied the other. 'You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?'

'Little boy, little boy,' said Dr. Desprez, 'I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display



the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand ?'

'No, sir,' said the boy.

'I will make my meaning clear to you,' replied the doctor. 'Look there at the sky—behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful colour ? Does it not please the heart ? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now,' changing his tone, 'suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the colour of clear coals, and growing scarlet towards the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well ?'

'I suppose not,' answered Jean-Marie.

'Neither do I like you,' returned the Doctor roughly. 'I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world.'

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for a while, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an air of candid inquiry. 'But are not you a very curious gentleman ?' he asked.

The Doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks. 'Admirable, admirable imp !' he cried. 'What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two ! No,' he continued, apostrophising heaven, 'I did not know such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now ! It is like,' he added, picking up his stick, 'like a lovers' meeting. I have bruised my favourite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave.'

## EXERCISE XXV. EXAMPLE 28.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL ATTITUDE.

Here is part of a dialogue carefully framed to exhibit the characters of the persons represented: the Doctor (an Epicurean, a hedonist, if you will) has made a theory of life which justifies him in pursuing Pleasure—in the form of pleasant sensations—as the chief end of life. Becoming acquainted, by chance, with the boy Jean-Marie, he is inspired with the hope of a new sensation, and proceeds to investigate the boy's character. Jean-Marie, unabashed in his solemn simplicity, unconsciously reveals himself to the philosopher. The author's design in this story is partly allegorical; he has a theory to illustrate; and so, the Diction of his dialogue is slightly *conventionalised*—that is to say, somewhat removed from the likeness of ordinary speech, the better to serve the designer's purpose.

The underlying Problem—offshoot from the main Problem—may be thus stated:—How shall the sensuous pleasure-seeker get a new sensation by way of a new confirmation of his theory? The boy Jean-Marie provides the Evolution and Solution. Note the careful and charming arrangement of the surroundings and circumstances; the harmonious presentment of early morning and the solitary street; which contribute to the general effect of fastidious appeal to the senses. Let the pupil take the same Problem for his Subject; and let him take a person

with a theory, who finds his chief pleasure in making experiments which shall result in fresh proofs of the truth and beauty of such theory; and exhibit him in the act of experimenting, by means of dialogue.

Most of us have a theory, or set of theories, of duty, or pleasure, or both, by the which we regulate, more or less strictly, our conduct and opinions. And most of us develop, or adopt, little theories on minor points. These are commonly known as 'fads'; and one of these will make a ready Subject. For instance, early rising is a fad with some people; late rising with others; some hold (or profess to hold) that the misrepresentation of the truth (or, as in the Example, stealing) must be a sin under all circumstances; some advocate the necessity of constant bodily exercise; others deny its advantage; and so on. These few hints should serve the pupil's need. In his composition, then, a person glorying in a fad, brings it to the touchstone of experience with another, who has no fad, or a different one; and his theory is thereby confuted, or confirmed, or, as in the Example, merely illustrated.

EXAMPLE  
29

#### A. LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan. (1751-1816.)

*School for Scandal*, Act II. Sc. 1.

*Enter Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.*

SIR PETER T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear *it*!

LADY T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR PETER T. Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

LADY T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

SIR PETER T. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

LADY T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

SIR PETER T. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

LADY T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

SIR PETER T. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

SIR PETER T. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed

smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

LADY T. O yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

SIR PETER T. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

LADY T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

SIR PETER T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

LADY T. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR PETER T. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

LADY T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is——

SIR PETER T. My widow, I suppose?

LADY T. Hem! Hem!

SIR PETER T. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself: for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

LADY T. Then why will you endeavour to make

yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense ?

SIR PETER T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me ?

LADY T. Lud, Sir Peter ! Would you have me be out of the fashion ?

SIR PETER T. The fashion, indeed ! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me ?

LADY T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR PETER T. Ay — there again — taste. Zounds ! madam, you had no taste when you married me !

LADY T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter ; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

SIR PETER T. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

LADY T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

SIR PETER T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance ; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves ! — Such a crew ! Ah ! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

LADY T. What ! Would you restrain the freedom of speech ?

SIR PETER T. Ah ! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

LADY T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. — When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour ; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter

you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

SIR PETER T. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

LADY T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

[*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.]

SIR PETER T. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*]

#### EXERCISE XXVI. EXAMPLE 29.

##### A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Here the Problem is,—How two persons, each of whom has a grievance against the other, shall wreak a natural irritation upon each other? The Dialogue is designed to express at the same time the characters of the disputants, and their sentiments. Or, to put the matter another way, the characters and situation in regard to each other having been realised in the author's mind by means of his Invention, this Dialogue is the natural outcome of that realisation. The Diction—so witty, malicious, picturesque, and eloquent—is not the Diction of ordinary life; but, inasmuch as people *would* talk thus if they *could*, it is *not untrue* to life. It is life raised to a higher

power; which, in the art of composition, is what we want. They are the wit and eloquence, and the fact that neither party is wholly serious, that lift the scene from the level of a vulgar brawl—a thing inadmissible in the general design.

Let the pupil, then, require of his Invention two persons, each of whom bears a grudge, great or trivial, against the other; and let one array his grievance, against the other; and let the best man win—as Lady Teazle won—the contest. Let the chief object of this Exercise be, to keep the Dialogue, however bitter the quarrel, upon a polite and elegant level. For the sake of the gymnastic exercise involved, and the gain to vocabulary, let the diction used be the diction of Sheridan.

## THE POWER OF THE GODS.

EXAMPLE  
30

Walter Savage Landor. (1775-1864.)

*Imaginary Conversations: Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

TERNISSA. Oh, what a pleasant thing it is to walk in the green light of the vine trees, and to breathe the sweet odour of their invisible flowers!

EPICURUS. The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it; and this, being accompanied and followed by enjoyment, renders the fragrance so exquisite. Ternissa, it is this, my sweet friend, that made you remember the green light of the foliage, and think of the invisible flowers as you would of some blessing from heaven.

TERNISSA. I see feathers flying at certain distances



just above the middle of the promontory ; what can they mean ?

EPICURUS. Cannot you imagine them to be the feathers from the wings of Zethes and Caläis, who came hither out of Thrace to behold the favourite haunts of their mother Oreithyia ? From the precipice that hangs over the sea a few paces from the pinasters she is reported to have been carried off by Boreas ; and these remains of the primeval forest have always been held sacred on that belief.

LEONTION. The story is an idle one.

TERNISSA. O no, Leontion ! the story is very true.

LEONTION. Indeed !

TERNISSA. I have heard not only odes, but sacred and most ancient hymns upon it ; and the voice of Boreas is often audible here, and the screams of Oreithyia.

LEONTION. The feathers, then, really may belong to Caläis and Zethes.

TERNISSA. I don't believe it ; the winds would have carried them away.

LEONTION. The gods, to manifest their power, as they often do by miracles, could as easily fix a feather eternally on the most tempestuous promontory, as the mark of their feet upon the flint.

TERNISSA. They could indeed ; but we know the one to a certainty, and have no such authority for the other. I have seen these pinasters from the extremity of the Piræus, and have heard mention of the altar raised to Boreas : where is it ?

EPICURUS. As it stands in the centre of the platform, we cannot see it from hence ; there is the only piece of level ground in the place.

LEONTION. Ternissa intends the altar to prove the truth of the story.

EPICURUS. Ternissa is slow to admit that even the young can deceive, much less the old ; the gay, much less *the serious*.

LEONTION. It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

EPICURUS. Some minds require much belief, some thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts; it troubles some, it consoles others; in the generous it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism and self-devotion; in the ungenerous it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal; and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

#### EXERCISE XXVII. EXAMPLE 30.

##### THE POWER OF THE GODS.

Here is an example of what is called the Grand Style; an attempt at a redaction into the English tongue of the Diction of the ancients.

If the pupil be aught of a scholar in Greek or Latin, let him select an incident in history or fable, and turn it into a Dialogue, in English, remembering the rules of Dialogue already given, and modelling his Diction upon that of the Example. Note that the author models his cadences to a certain extent upon the rhythm of Latin prose.

#### NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

EXAMPLE  
31

Mark Twain.

*Huckleberry Finn.*

I NEVER see such a nigger. If he got a notion in his head once, there warn't no getting it out again. He was the most down on Solomon of any nigger I ever see. So

I went to talking about other kings, and let Solomon slide. I told about Louis Sixteenth that got his head cut off in France long time ago; and about his little boy the dolphin, that would a been a king, but they took and shut him up in jail, and some say he died there.

'Po' little chap.'

'But some says he got out and got away, and come to America.'

'Dat's good! But he'll be pooty lonesome—dey ain' no kings here, is dey, Huck?'

'No.'

'Den he cain't git no situation. What he gwyne to do?'

'Well, I don't know. Some of them gets on the police, and some of them learns people how to talk French.'

'Why, Huck, doan' de French people talk de same way we does?'

'No, Jim; you couldn't understand a word they said—not a single word.'

'Well, now, I be ding-busted! How do dat come?'

'I don't know; but it's so. I got some of their jabber out of a book. S'pose a man was to come to you and say *Polly-vo-franzy*—what would you think?'

'I wouldn't think nuff'n; I'd take en bust him over de head. Dat is, if he warn't white. I wouldn't 'low no nigger to call me dat.'

'Shucks, it ain't calling you anything. It's only saying do you know how to talk French?'

'Well, den, why couldn't he say it?'

'Why, he *is* a-saying it. That's a Frenchman's *way* of saying it.'

'Well, it's a blame' ridiclous way, en I doan' want to hear no mo' 'bout it. Dey ain' no sense in it.'

'Looky here, Jim; does a cat talk like we do?'

'No, a cat don't.'

'Well, does a cow?'

'No, a cow don't, nuther.'

'Does a cat talk like a cow, or a cow like a cat?'

'No, dey don't.'

'It's natural and right for 'em to talk different from each other, ain't it?'

'Course.'

'And ain't it natural and right for a cat and a cow to talk different from *us*.'

'Why, mos' sholy it is.'

'Well, then, why ain't it natural and right for a *Frenchman* to talk different from us? You answer me that.'

'Is a cat a man, Huck?'

'No.'

'Well, den, dey ain't no sense in a cat talkin' like a man. Is a cow a man?—er is a cow a cat?'

'No, she ain't either of them.'

'Well, den, she ain't got no business to talk like either one er the yuther of 'em. Is a Frenchman a man?'

'Yes.'

'*Well*, den! Dad blame it, why doan' he *talk* like a man? You answer me *dat*.'

I see it warn't no use wasting words—you can't learn a nigger to argue. So I quit.

## EXERCISE XXVIII. EXAMPLE 31.

### NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

The Problem is, How to persuade an ignorant person that one of his prejudices is unreasonable? The argument used has a weak link in its chain; and the Solution is—Failure. It is possible—as the defeated disputant remarks—that failure would have resulted in any case. Here, again, the Dialogue is

written in character, and in dialect; an admirable example of its kind.

The Example cited is, perhaps, an extreme case; but every nation, black or white, has its prejudices; its opinions respecting other nations, acquired without any consideration of the evidence for, or against, the justice of such opinions. The Frenchman is liable to endow the Englishman with a barbarous arrogance; the Englishman tends to consider the Frenchman as an object of mingled pity and contempt; the Gentile regards the Jew as a covetous person; the Jew has his own opinion of the Gentile; and so on.

The subject is a difficult one to treat. But, let the pupil make an attempt, writing in character, to invent a Dialogue dealing (in not too serious a vein) with an example of national prejudice, between two persons, one of whom is slightly more enlightened than the other (in the Example, Master Finn is nearly as prejudiced, though in a different way, as his travelling companion); and let failure be the conclusion.

EXAMPLE  
32

### ENGAGING A SECRETARY.

Charles Dickens. (1812-1870.)

*Our Mutual Friend.*

MR. and Mrs. Boffin sat after breakfast, in the Bower, a prey to prosperity. Mr. Boffin's face denoted Care and Complication. Many disordered papers were before him, and he looked at them about as hopefully as an innocent civilian might look at a crowd of troops whom he was

required at five minutes' notice to manoeuvre and review. He had been engaged in some attempts to make notes of these papers; but being troubled (as men of his stamp often are) with an exceedingly distrustful and corrective thumb, that busy member had so often interposed to smear his notes, that they were little more legible than the various impressions of itself, which blurred his nose and forehead. It is curious to consider, in such a case as Mr. Boffin's, what a cheap article ink is, and how far it may be made to go. As a grain of musk will scent a drawer for many years, and still lose nothing appreciable of its original weight, so a halfpenny-worth of ink would blot Mr. Boffin to the roots of his hair and the calves of his legs, without inscribing a line on the paper before him, or appearing to diminish in the inkstand.

Mr. Boffin was in such severe literary difficulties that his eyes were prominent and fixed, and his breathing was stertorous, when, to the great relief of Mrs. Boffin, who observed these symptoms with alarm, the yard bell rang.

'Who's that, I wonder?' said Mrs. Boffin.

Mr. Boffin drew a long breath, laid down his pen, looked at his notes as doubting whether he had the pleasure of their acquaintance, and appeared, on a second perusal of their countenances, to be confirmed in his impression that he had not, when there was announced by the hammer-headed young man:

'Mr. Rokesmith.'

'Oh!' said Mr. Boffin. 'Oh indeed! Our and the Wilfers' Mutual Friend, my dear. Yes. Ask him to come in.'

Mr. Rokesmith appeared.

'Sit down, sir,' said Mr. Boffin, shaking hands with him. 'Mrs. Boffin you're already acquainted with. Well, sir, I am rather unprepared to see you, for, to tell you the truth, I've been so busy with one thing and another, that I've not had time to turn your offer over.'

‘That’s apology for both of us; for Mr. Boffin, and for me as well,’ said the smiling Mrs. Boffin, ‘But, Lor! we can talk it over now; can’t us?’

Mr. Rokesmith bowed, thanked her, and said he hoped so.

‘Let me see then,’ resumed Mr. Boffin, with his hand to his chin. ‘It was Secretary that you named: wasn’t it?’

‘I said Secretary,’ assented Mr. Rokesmith.

‘It rather puzzled me at the time,’ said Mr. Boffin, ‘and it rather puzzled me and Mrs. Boffin when we spoke of it afterwards, because (not to make a mystery of our belief) we have always believed a Secretary to be a piece of furniture, mostly of mahogany, lined with green baize or leather, with a lot of little drawers in it. Now, you won’t think I take a liberty when I mention that you certainly ain’t *that*.’

Certainly not, said Mr. Rokesmith. But he had used the word in the sense of Steward.

‘Why, as to Steward, you see,’ returned Mr. Boffin, with his hand still to his chin, ‘the odds are that Mrs. Boffin and me may never go upon the water. Being both bad sailors, we should want a Steward if we did; but there’s generally one provided.’

Mr. Rokesmith again explained; defining the duties he sought to undertake, as those of general superintendent, or manager, or overlooker, or man of business.

‘Now, for instance—come!’ said Mr. Boffin, in his pouncing way. ‘If you entered my employment, what would you do?’

‘I would keep exact accounts of all the expenditure you sanctioned, Mr. Boffin. I would write your letters, under your direction. I would transact your business with people in your pay or employment. I would,’ with a glance and a half-smile at the table, ‘arrange your *papers*——’

Mr. Boffin rubbed his inky ear, and looked at his wife.

‘— And so arrange them as to have them always in order for immediate reference, with a note of the contents of each outside it.’

‘I tell you what,’ said Mr. Boffin, slowly crumpling his own blotted note in his hand; ‘if you’ll turn to at these present papers, and see what you can make of ’em, I shall know better what I can make of you.’

No sooner said than done. Relinquishing his hat and gloves, Mr. Rokesmith sat down quietly at the table, arranged the open papers into an orderly heap, cast his eyes over each in succession, folded it, docketed it on the outside, laid it in a second heap, and, when that second heap was complete and the first gone, took from his pocket a piece of string and tied it together with a remarkably dexterous hand at a running curve and a loop.

‘Good!’ said Mr. Boffin. ‘Very good. Now let us hear what they’re all about; will you be so good?’

John Rokesmith read his abstracts aloud. They were all about the new house. Decorator’s estimate, so much. Furniture estimate, so much. Estimate for furniture of offices, so much. Coachmaker’s estimate, so much. Horse-dealer’s estimate, so much. Harness-maker’s estimate, so much. Goldsmith’s estimate, so much. Total, so very much. Then came correspondence. Acceptance of Mr. Boffin’s offer of such a date, and to such an effect. Rejection of Mr. Boffin’s proposal of such a date and to such an effect. Concerning Mr. Boffin’s scheme of such another date to such another effect. All compact and methodical.

‘Apple-pie order!’ said Mr. Boffin, after checking off each inscription with his hand, like a man beating time. ‘And whatever you do with your ink, I can’t think, for you’re as clean as a whistle after it. Now, as to the letter. Let’s,’ said Mr. Boffin, rubbing his hands in his pleasantly childish admiration, ‘let’s try a letter next.’

‘To whom shall it be addressed, Mr. Boffin?’



‘Any one. Yourself.’

Mr. Rokesmith quickly wrote, and then read aloud :

“Mr. Boffin presents his compliments to Mr. John Rokesmith, and begs to say that he has decided on giving Mr. John Rokesmith a trial in the capacity he desires to fill. Mr. Boffin takes Mr. John Rokesmith at his word, in postponing to some indefinite period the consideration of salary. It is quite understood that Mr. Boffin is in no way committed on that point. Mr. Boffin has merely to add that he relies on Mr. John Rokesmith’s assurance that he will be faithful and serviceable. Mr. John Rokesmith will please enter on his duties immediately.”

‘Well! Now, Noddy!’ cried Mrs. Boffin, clapping her hands, ‘that is a good one!’

Mr. Boffin was no less delighted; indeed, in his own bosom, he regarded both the composition itself and the device that had given birth to it, as a very remarkable monument of human ingenuity.

‘And I tell you, my deary,’ said Mrs. Boffin, ‘that if you don’t close with Mr. Rokesmith now at once, and if you ever go a-muddling yourself again with things never meant nor made for you, you’ll have an apoplexy—besides iron-moulding your linen—and you’ll break my heart.’

Mr. Boffin embraced his spouse for these words of wisdom, and then, congratulating John Rokesmith on the brilliancy of his achievements, gave him his hand in pledge of their new relations. So did Mrs. Boffin.

## EXERCISE XXIX. EXAMPLE 32.

### ENGAGING A SECRETARY.

Here is an example of admirable fooling, of a form of art technically known as *Farce*. A study of the Example will yield a more precise notion of what *Farce* really is than any definition may. It is often

said that there is a certain unwarrantable exaggeration in the work of Dickens. But, the truth is, that his magnificent and exuberant vitality used to blossom into farce at all sorts of unexpected moments; and yet, his great constructive skill enabled him so to interweave these passages with his more serious work, that the narrative passes insensibly and harmoniously from one phase to the other. Had Dickens isolated this kind of writing, and labelled it 'Farce,' the critics who charge him with exaggeration would be the first to yield him applause. It is merely the want of the label that confuses their judgment. But, Dickens is a master-writer of our time; and a right understanding of his work is essential to a proper comprehension, not only of English literature but, of England and the English.

The Example is cited for the purpose of analysis. Let the pupil read the passage carefully, noting the Treatment of the Subject—the setting and adjuncts, the circumstances; the admirable characterisation; the Transition (as it is called)—the passing easily and naturally from one phase of the narrative to the next; the way in which question leads to answer, and answer to question; the vivid by-play and action, so characteristic of Dickens's work; and, finally, the Diction, so plain, humorous, and forcible.

IV. *Letter.* A letter represents, as a rule, one side of a dialogue. Thus, two letters, or two series

of letters, or one series of letters, may together make up a story (as in *Redgauntlet* and *Clarissa Harlowe*); or an essay (as in Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*); or both together; or it may serve as a simple vehicle of certain special information (as in White's *Selborne*); or, as in the communications of ordinary life, a letter conveys matter of daily, common interest. The chief rule to be observed in letter-writing is:—To begin with the principal item.

The conditions of letter-writing usually permit of but little time being devoted to their composition, and none for their revision. A person must write as he thinks; he has no leisure to order or to elaborate his work, or to attend strictly to its Diction. Hence, letter-writing becomes a test of the skill *already* acquired in other fields of literary exercise. And in the Examples that follow, we may remark how constant practice enables a writer, with a single effort of the intellect, to express himself adequately and easily. Thoughts present themselves to consciousness ready clothed in their proper vesture.

EXAMPLE  
33

### A GERMAN COURT.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague. (1689-1762.)

BLANKENBURG, Oct. 1716.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it; but you see I take the first opportunity of *doing myself that pleasure*.

I came here the fifteenth, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empress and carry a message from her Imperial Majesty to the Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good breeding, and may be called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the duke and duchess with the news of my arrival, so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn ; but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had, however, enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The duke plays at basset every night ; and the duchess tells me, she is so well pleased with my company that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it.

### EXERCISE XXX. EXAMPLE 33.

#### A GERMAN COURT.

The writer begins, as is most proper, with a polite reference to her correspondent's last letter. The phrasing is a model of what such an Introduction should be. Then she plunges directly into her subject. Note the absence of *Transition*. It is always permissible, in letter-writing, to pass abruptly from point to point ; a rule that greatly facilitates

composition. Note especially the Diction; the formal, elaborate, courtly Diction of the Eighteenth Century; from which we may gather much useful material.

Let the pupil pick out for himself the words and phrases which take his fancy, and let him transcribe and learn them by heart. He may be assisted by the following instances:—taken (undergone) fatigue . . . great address and good breeding . . . extremely obliging . . . well pleased . . . pay my devotion.

## EXAMPLE

34

## THE COMPLETE FINE GENTLEMAN.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield. (1694 1773.)

*Letters to his Son, Philip Stanhope.*

## LETTER CLXIX.

LONDON, September the 14th, O.S., 1749.

DEAR BOY,—There is a natural good-breeding which occurs to every man of common sense, and is practised by every man of common good-nature. This good-breeding is general, independent of modes, and consists in endeavours to please and oblige our fellow-creatures by all good offices short of moral duties. This will be practised by a good-natured American savage as essentially as by the best-bred European. But then I do not take it to extend to the sacrifice of our own conveniences for the sake of other people's. Utility introduced this sort of good-breeding as it introduced commerce, and established a truck of the little *agréments* and pleasures of life. I sacrifice such a conveniency to you, you sacrifice another to me; this commerce circulates, and every individual finds his account *in it upon the whole*. The third sort of good-breeding is

local, and is variously modified in not only different countries, but in different towns of the same country. But it must be founded upon the two former sorts; they are the matter, to which in this case fashion and custom only give the different shapes and impressions. Whoever has the two first sorts, will easily acquire this third sort of good-breeding, which depends singly upon attention and observation. It is properly the polish, the lustre, the last finishing strokes, of good-breeding. It is to be found only in capitals, and even there it varies, the good-breeding of Rome differing in some things from that of Paris, that of Paris in others from that of Madrid, and that of Madrid in many things from that of London. A man of sense, therefore, carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him, which are to good-breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture, and which the vulgar have no notion of, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally and not servilely; he copies, but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great consequence; they anticipate the sentiments before merit can engage the understanding; they captivate the heart, and gave rise, I believe, to the extravagant notions of charms and philters. Their effects were so surprising that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best-bred men, and the handsomest and genteeldest women, give the most philters, and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well dressed, but shining in your dress; let it have *du brillant*—I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the

taste and fashion of it. The women like and require it; they think it an attention due to them; but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward, for surely by this time you must have caught a good air in good company. When you went from hence, you were not naturally awkward, but your awkwardness was adventitious and Westmonasterial. Leipsic, I apprehend, is not the seat of the Graces; and I presume you acquired none there. But now, if you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. Besides, *la belle danse donne du brillant à un jeune homme*. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merit and graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif*; be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, *Ou est donc le petit Stanhope? Qui ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable*. All this I do not mean singly with regard to women as the principal object, but with regard to men, and with a view of your making yourself considerable; for, with very small variations, the same things that please women please men; and a man whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and connect men much easier and more than he would otherwise. You must be sensible that you cannot rise in the world without forming connections and engaging different characters to conspire *in your point*. You must make them your dependants

without their knowing it, and dictate to them while you seem to be directed by them. Those necessary connections can never be formed or preserved but by an uninterrupted series of complaisance, attentions, politeness, and some constraint. You must engage their hearts if you would have their support; you must watch the *mollia tempora*, and captivate them by the *agréments* and charms of conversation. People will not be called out to your service only when you want them; and if you expect to receive strength from them, they must receive either pleasure or advantage from you.

I received in this instant a letter from Mr. Harte of the 2d, N.S., which I will answer soon; in the meantime, I return him my thanks for it through you. The constant good accounts which he gives me of you will make me suspect him of partiality, and think him *le médecin tant mieux*. Consider, therefore, what weight any future deposition of his against you must necessarily have with me. As, in that case, he will be a very unwilling, he must consequently be a very important witness. Adieu.

#### EXERCISE XXXI. EXAMPLE 34.

##### THE COMPLETE FINE GENTLEMAN.

Lord Chesterfield's famous 'Letters' have little of music in their Diction. They are chiefly valuable—apart from their sentiments and precepts—to the student as a storehouse of eighteenth century phrase and idiom. Let the pupil, as before, carefully study the Diction, and make his selections of word and phrase. An understanding of the punctilious eighteenth century mode makes an excellent antidote to the modern careless, slipshod habit.



EXAMPLE  
35

## DOCTOR JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Samuel Johnson. (1709-1784.)

*Doctor Johnson to Lord Chesterfield upon my lord's recommendation of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.*

MY LORD,—I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When once I had addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one fact of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in *Virgil* grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,  
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EXERCISE XXXII. EXAMPLE 35.

DOCTOR JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Doctor Johnson, the great exemplar of English letters in the eighteenth century, uses what has been called the Balanced Sentence, with great effect. A little study of the Example will show how this particular form of sentence—which has passed into the language—is constructed. Reverse the order in which the words are placed, or rearrange them, and the device becomes apparent. The use of the Balanced form gives a certain emphasis and formal rhythm to the deliberate procession of the sentences.

Let the pupil paraphrase the Example, expressing its sentiments with due effect in his own words, with a different construction of sentence and paragraph. Let him also note particular words and phrases as before.

EXAMPLE  
36

### LORD BYRON TO MR. BERNARD BARTON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron. (1788-1824.)

*The Works of Lord Byron: Vol. ii. : Letters and Journals, p. 123.*

NO. 238.

TO BERNARD BARTON.

8 St. James's St., June 1, 1812.

THE most satisfactory answer to the concluding part of your letter is that Mr. Murray will republish your volume, if you still retain your inclination for the experiment, which I trust will be successful. Some weeks ago my friend Mr. Rogers showed me some of the stanzas in MS., and I then expressed my opinion of their merit, which a further perusal of the printed volume has given me no reason to revoke. I mention this, as it may not be disagreeable to you to learn that I entertained a very favourable opinion of your powers, before I was aware that such sentiments were reciprocal.

Waiving your obliging expressions as to my own productions, for which I thank you very sincerely, and assure you that I think not lightly of the praise of one whose approbation is valuable, will you allow me to talk to you candidly, not critically, on the subject of yours? You will not suspect me of a wish to discourage, since I pointed out to the publisher the propriety of complying with your wishes. I think more highly of your poetical talents than it would, perhaps, gratify you to hear expressed; for I

believe, from what I observe of your mind, that you are above flattery. To come to the point, you deserve success, but we know, before Addison wrote his *Cato*, that desert does not always command it. But suppose it attained,—

‘ You know what ills the author’s life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the *patron* and the jail.’

Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a possession, retain it; it will be, like Prior’s fellowship, a last and sure resource. Compare Mr. Rogers with other authors of the day; assuredly he is amongst the first of living poets, but is it to that he owes his station in society, and his intimacy in the best circles? No, it is to his prudence and respectability; the world (a bad one, I own) courts him because he has no occasion to court it. He is a poet, nor is he less so because he was something more. I am not sorry to hear that you are not tempted by the vicinity of Capel Loft, Esq<sup>re</sup>, though, if he had done for you what he has for the Bloomfields, I should never have laughed at his rage for patronising. But a truly constituted mind will ever be independent. That you may be so is my sincere wish, and, if others think as well of your poetry as I do, you will have no cause to complain of your readers.—Believe me, etc.

#### EXERCISE XXXIII. EXAMPLE 36.

LORD BYRON TO MR. BERNARD BARTON.

An admirable example of a later development of the eighteenth century style, as courtly, dignified, easy, and direct, as the diction of a very great writer should be. Let the pupil paraphrase the Example, and note words and phrases as before.

EXAMPLE  
37

## THE MIRACULOUS WAISTCOAT.

Charles Dickens. (1812-1870.)

*Letters of Charles Dickens.*

CHARLES DICKENS to W. C. MACREADY.

Devonshire Terrace,  
Friday Evening, Oct. 17th, 1845.

MY DEAR MACREADY,—You once—only once—gave the world assurance of a waistcoat. You wore it, sir, I think, in ‘Money.’ It was a remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, too happy to occur again. I have seen it on your manly chest in private life. I saw it, sir, I think, the other day in the cold light of morning—with feelings easier to be imagined than described. Mr. Macready, sir, are you a father? If so, lend me that waistcoat for five minutes. I am bidden to a wedding (where fathers are made), and my artist cannot, I find (how should he?), imagine such a waistcoat. Let me show it to him as a sample of my tastes and wishes; and—ha, ha, ha, ha!—eclipse the bridegroom!

I will send a trusty messenger at half-past nine precisely, in the morning. He is sworn to secrecy. He durst not for his life betray us, or swells in ambush would have the waistcoat at the cost of his heart’s blood.—Thine,

THE UNWAISTCOATED ONE.

## EXERCISE XXXIV. EXAMPLE 37.

## THE MIRACULOUS WAISTCOAT.

We are far in the nineteenth century by this time, and the fashion of writing has altered. The formal

diction of the eighteenth century would mask, as well as express, the character and sentiments of the writer. Matter was adapted to manner; instead of manner expressing matter. In Dickens's 'Letters,' we have a new and extraordinary personality breaking and casting aside the fetters of formalism, and inspiring every word and phrase with a vigour and freedom that expressed *himself*; that is the lesson to be learned from this quaint and delightful letter: how completely words may be subdued—for they are stubborn things and shy—to a writer's personal uses, if he will but throw himself wholly into the task.

V. *Essay*. Essays may be divided into two kinds:—Formal and Informal. The Informal essay has been defined by Dr. Johnson as 'a loose sally of the mind . . . not a regular and orderly composition.' Of such, very often, are the essays of Hazlitt, of Lamb, of Thackeray, and of many other learned and practised writers, who, after long labour, have earned the right to dispense with the rules by which the beginner must submit to be guided. With the Informal essay, then, we have not now to do.

The Formal essay is divided, like the Story (and many other things), into three parts—the Beginning, the Middle, and the End. These Three Primary Divisions have their technical names. The Beginning is called the Introduction. The Middle is called the Exposition, or the Unfolding, Evolution, Demon-

stration of the Subject. The End is called the Conclusion.

The Introduction introduces the Subject.

The Exposition unfolds, evolves, demonstrates, makes plain, the Subject.

The Conclusion is designed to complete, to make a rounded whole of, the Essay. Sometimes it fulfils this purpose by summarising the arguments employed, or the facts and sentiments formulated and expressed; sometimes by bringing the Exposition to a climax; sometimes by a simple repetition in two or three lines which make the keynote of the essay; sometimes by merely completing the argument of the Exposition, with supplementary points, answering any question which the Exposition may have raised, and left undecided, in the mind of the reader.

But, naturally, the manner of the Conclusion must depend upon the nature and quality of the Essay.

Besides the three Primary Divisions, there are two Mechanical Divisions:—the Paragraph and the Sentence.

The Paragraph must contain one Division, or Sub-Division, of the Essay. It is a good working rule to assign one paragraph to the Introduction, and one to the Conclusion. The Explanation will, of course, contain as many paragraphs as may be required to express its meaning; each succeeding part of that meaning being enclosed in a paragraph.

And as the Paragraph contains one Division, or Sub-Division, of the Subject, so :—

The Sentence should contain one idea or sentiment, *only*, in that Division or Sub-Division.

There are (as we have learned) Four Essential Factors in the making of an Essay:—Invention; which includes Reflection and Study; Selection, Disposition, and Diction.

The natural impulse of a pupil who has to treat a subject about which he knows little, or perhaps nothing, is, not to concentrate his thoughts upon the matter but, quickly to gather what information he can. But, if he follow this method, the result can be nothing but a superficial repetition of other people's sentiments, quickly acquired, quickly written down, and instantly forgotten. *For, the essential preliminary to all study is Reflection.* To reflect, is to set out upon a voyage of discovery. The voyager may return with empty hold; all coasts being rock-bound, and every city inaccessible; but, at least, he will have surveyed some unknown shores, which other explorers have found fruitful; and perceived the desirability of some walled cities, whence others have brought away riches. He knows now where he wants to go; and now, there will be no lack of former travellers to guide him.

Hard thinking, then, a steady continuous effort of the attention, 'fundamental brainwork,' in the direction of analysis, must come before all. Or, as we have already named the process, *Invention*. Then, Study, and the getting of information from every source available, with a mind prepared. The



preliminary analysis will have brought to light, in all probability, one or two dormant ideas; Study will have corrected or enlarged them; and now, the mind is ready to utter itself. Then, as we said before, comes the process of Selection. We must confine our Composition to one point of view at a time, and hence we must discard everything that does not help to make our meaning clear.

But, the mind beholds an idea, or group of ideas, with one comprehensive glance; whereas such idea or group of ideas cannot be transferred otherwise than gradually; one particle of an idea at a time, slid into the mind of another. Word must follow word in an orderly procession; and when the last word has filed into its place, the whole army should be found drawn up so as to present exactly the formation from which it started. Suppose a regiment, massed in the form of a square, is ordered to pass through an opening too narrow to admit more than one man at a time, and to form up on the other side in the same square formation. As the men pass from the one place through the opening into another, so the words must pass from your mind by ear or eye into the mind of another; and as the men break off from the square, rank by rank, in a certain order, and fall in again in the same order, so must the words progress from your mind and rearrange themselves in a certain order. Then, when the process is complete, they will be found drawn up in the mind of another, in the same formation as that in which they

are drawn up in your own mind. Hence it is that the next process is Disposition, or Arrangement. And the Disposition will vary with every Subject, because, having settled upon the Introduction and the Conclusion, the Exposition must be so disposed as to secure the particular effect you want to produce; and that effect will be the same effect as the idea, or ideas, have already produced upon yourself.

Then, as we said before, we have to attend strictly to the Diction.

## THE DESTINY OF MAN.

EXAMPLE  
38

The English Bible. (1611.)

*The Book of Job.*

MAN that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with thee? Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the

sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me! If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

For now thou numberest my steps: dost thou not watch over my sin? My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and thou sewest up mine iniquity. And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones: thou wasthest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth; and thou destroyest the hope of man. Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth: thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away. His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them. But his flesh upon him shall have pain, and his soul within him shall mourn.

#### EXERCISE XXXV. EXAMPLE 38.

##### THE DESTINY OF MAN.

Man's destiny is many-sided: the Example deals with the shortness of his span of life; the compelling force of the circumstances that close him in; and his final evanishment into the unknown. What is the destiny that is appointed to all men alike? That is the question which the poet who wrote the Book of Job has set himself to answer; and out of the answer,

arises the Problem, *Why are these things so?* The poet merely states the Problem. He makes no attempt at a Solution. Birth, and death, a brief life, and labour, and sorrow: these are the portion of all men.

But there are other aspects of life. Love and Warfare; these are the twin factors of existence; these represent what he *does*, rather than (as in the Example) what he endures. Let the pupil take the second factor—warfare—in one or more of its thousand shapes and developments. Let him ask himself, first of all, what *is* that warfare—contention—conflict—without which nothing is attainable. Then, let him select what form thereof he pleases: the warfare of industry, of commerce, of the actual shock of arms; the eternal conflict of self with its other self, resulting from the dual nature of man; the contention of rivals; the long contest with the forces of nature, by which man subdues them to his will. Let him take the Idea which lies at the roots of these Problems, and such as these, about whose solution man is continually employed; and formulate it in words, illustrating and demonstrating his subject, by simile and metaphor, as, in the noble Example cited, the subject is unfolded and made plain.

As there can be no Essay which does not attempt, in one form or another, to *teach* something; so there can be no Essay without a preliminary labour—analysis—taking to pieces, investigation. And however immature and faulty the result, the writer, at

least, will have learned something, if he has honestly set his mind to the task.

EXAMPLE  
39

### THE CHIEF OF VIRTUES

The English Bible. (1611.)

*The Epistle of Saint Paul to the Corinthians.*

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## EXERCISE XXXVI. EXAMPLE 39.

## THE CHIEF OF VIRTUES.

Here is the noblest of all Essays on that other factor of human life: Love. The author, who has the nature—the Idea—of Love, what Love *is*, very clearly present to his mind, is content to demonstrate that idea by a series of illustrations of love in its perfect exercise. And at first it may seem as though there were no more to be said. Nevertheless, there is something more.

Let the pupil, following the method already indicated, endeavour to find a definition of love, which shall cover all the kinds of love he knows, or can imagine. An etymological Dictionary will help him; the derivation of a word will often throw light on the original nature of the thing signified thereby. It is obvious (for instance) that love is not only a virtue, but a passion, inherent in a man's nature. He can no more help loving—being in sympathy with—some one, or something, somehow, than he can live without breathing. The inquiry will lead the pupil into a vast field of research; and when he emerges with some kind of working definition, let him select a single manifestation of the power he is dealing with, and illustrate its working by plain and forcible examples (drawn, if he will, from history or legend), as the author of the Example illustrates his particular thesis.

EXAMPLE  
40

## OF MYSELF.

Abraham Cowley. (1618-1667.)

*A man of worth and name is never so sure to please, as when he writes of himself with good faith, and without affectation. Hence our delight in those parts of Horace's, Boileau's, and Pope's works, in which those eminent writers paint themselves, and hence the supreme charm of Cowley's Essays, more especially of this essay.*—BISHOP HURD.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself ; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is not danger from me of offending him in this kind ; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it, were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules

of grammar ; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at, myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish ; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed :

This only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;  
The unknown are better, than ill known :

Rumour can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace ; and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With nature's hand, not art's ; and pleasures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or, in clouds hide them ; I have lived, to-day.



You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me; they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there; for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the twinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet. . . .

#### EXERCISE XXXVII. EXAMPLE 40.

##### OF MYSELF.

The Example lies on the border-line that separates an Essay from a Story. It is the analytical treatment that justifies the term of Essay. The author is chiefly interested in observing—analysing—the trifling circumstances and hidden causes that combined to make him what he was. *How do I come to be what I am?*—that is the Problem whose Solution

he is demonstrating so gracefully. Note the ingenuity of the Introduction; which places author and reader on a safe and pleasant footing of agreement at the outset; and the easy, picturesque, musical Diction. The Subject is of a perennial interest. There is none but must be interested in himself; especially in youth. In age, the theme is often a little outworn.

Let the pupil take his own case, and work out the Problem in like manner. If he own a predisposition towards, or talent for, any particular occupation or pursuit, let him try and discover the beginnings of his fancy; and illustrate his theme by actual examples of action resulting from this bent of mind, as the author does. It is in these illustrations that the interest of the Essay consists. There is hardly any one who has not a preference for some particular kind of work or play; and, if he cannot explain the causes of its origin in himself, he can display his bent of mind in its action. He may learn from the Example how to accomplish his task without suspicion of undue egoism or self-conceit. The author makes an impartial survey of himself, as though he were some one else, looking on from outside. He neither blames nor praises; he does not invite, or repel; he reflects calmly, and calmly sets down his thoughts.

## EXAMPLE

41

## STEPS IN HIS SICKNESS.

John Donne. (1573-1631.)

VARIABLE, and therefore miserable condition of man ; this minute I was well, and am ill; this minute. I am surprised with a sudden change, and alteration to worse, and can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study health, and we deliberate upon our meats, and drink, and air, and exercises, and we hew, and we polish every stone that goes to that building ; and so our health is a long and regular work ; but in a minute a cannon batters all ; overthrows all ; diminishes all ; a sickness unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiosity ; nay, undeserved, if we consider only disorder, summons us, destroys us in an instant. O miserable condition of man ! which was not imprinted by God, who as He is immortal Himself, had put a coal, a beam of immortality into us, which we might have blown into a flame, but blew it out by our first sin ; we beggared ourselves by hearkening after false riches, and infatuated ourselves by hearkening after false knowledge. So that now, we do not only die, but die upon the rack, die by the torment of sickness ; nor that-only, but are preafflicted, superafflicted with these jealousies and suspicions, and apprehensions of sickness, before we can call it a sickness : we are not sure we are ill : one hand asks the other by the pulse, and our (own) eye asks . . . how we do. O multiplied misery ! we die, and cannot enjoy death, because we die in this torment of sickness ; we are tormented with sickness, and cannot stay till the torment come, but preapprehensions and presages prophesy those torments, which induce that death before either come ; and our dissolution is conceived in these first changes, quickened in the sickness itself, and born in *death*, which bears date from these first changes. Is this

the honour which man hath by being a little world, that he hath these earthquakes in himself, sudden shakings, these lightnings, sudden flashes; these thunders, sudden noises; these eclipses, sudden effusions, and darkening of his senses; these blazing stars, sudden fiery exhalations; these rivers of blood, sudden red waters? Is he a world to himself only therefore, that he hath enough in himself, not only to destroy and execute himself, but to presage that execution upon himself? to assist the sickness, to antedate the sickness, to make the sickness the more irremediable by sad apprehensions, and as if he would make a fire the more vehement, by sprinkling water upon the coals, so to wrap a hot fever in cold melancholy, lest the fever alone should not destroy fast enough without this contribution, nor perfect the work (which is destruction) except we joined an artificial sickness of our own melancholy, to our natural, our unnatural fever? O perplexed discomposition! O riddling distemper! O miserable condition of man!

## EXERCISE XXXVIII. EXAMPLE 41.

## STEPS IN HIS SICKNESS.

Here is a demonstration of the nature of sickness; of the *Idea* that underlies all bodily distemper; written in the crowded, picturesque, forcible Diction, characteristic of the extraordinary man who wrote it. It is an instructive example of the way to Treat a Subject; of an acute and fervid intelligence 'playing freely round'—unfolding and laying bare—the recesses of its subject, moralising as it goes along, and fitting words exactly to its impetuous action. Let the pupil take this passage, read and understand it, and write

a *précis*—a summary—of Dr. Donne's view of the matter ; contrasting it, if he will, with another view ; for Donne's selected aspect is but one of many. Compare (for instance) Lamb's essay *The Convalescent*, and Stevenson's *Ordered South*.

## EXAMPLE

42

## ALL IS VANITY.

Jeremy Taylor. (1613-1667.)

*Holy Dying.*

I. ALL the rich and all the covetous men in the world will perceive, and all the world will perceive for them, that it is but an ill recompense for all their cares, that, by this time, all that shall be left will be this, that the neighbours shall say, 'He died a rich man'; and yet his wealth will not profit him in the grave, but hugely swell the sad accounts of doomsday. And he that kills the Lord's people with unjust or ambitious wars, for an unrewarding interest, shall have this character, that he threw away all the days of his life, that one year might be reckoned with his name, and computed by his reign or consulship: and many men, by great labours and affronts, many indignities and crimes, labour only for a pompous epitaph and a loud title upon their marble; whilst those into whose possessions their heirs or kindred are entered, are forgotten, and lie unregarded as their ashes, and without concernment or relation, as the turf upon the face of their grave. A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their *glory shall sleep till time shall be no more*; and where our

kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins; from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus, the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death are summed up in these words, 'Ninus, the Assyrian, had an ocean of gold, and other riches, more than the sand in the Caspian Sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi, nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws; he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to his people, nor numbered them; but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead; behold his sepulchre; and now hear where Ninus is. *Some time I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man; but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust; that was and is all my portion. The wealth with which I was esteemed blessed, my enemies, meeting together, shall bear away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre am now a little heap of dust.*' I know not anything that can better represent the evil condition of a wicked

man or a changing greatness. From the greatest secular dignity to dust and ashes his nature bears him ; and from thence to hell his sins carry him, and there he shall be for ever under the dominion of chains and devils, wrath, and an intolerable calamity. This is the reward of an unsanctified condition, and a greatness ill gotten or ill administered.

EXERCISE XXXIX. EXAMPLE 42.

ALL IS VANITY.

Here is a piece of magnificent eloquence. The Diction is so gorgeous and resoundingly musical, that we read for the mere delight of sound and colour. Bishop Taylor's discourses are triumphal marches of exhortation. The underlying Problem of which this passage is part of the splendid demonstration, is—How shall a man so live, that death may not come upon him as a calamity ? The author treats the subject negatively ; he rather dwells upon how men should not spend their lives, than how they should ; and exhibits the death of the wicked as a solemn warning to the unrighteous man. The Example, then, is but a single illustration of the whole Evolution of the Problem which is worked out in the complete series of the Sermons. The terror Death holds for the wicked,—that is the subject of the Example. The preacher is content to take nothing less than the sepulchres and last ends of kings and princes for his illustrations ; and very fine they are.

Let the pupil take the same subject, and treat it

by the analytical method. Let him inquire what Death is; an inquiry which will lead him to the definition of Life. Let him distinguish the wicked from the righteous; and let him show why Death, while it is formidable to all, is peculiarly dreadful to the sinner. And let him study the Diction and Transition of the Example, expressing his own essay after the manner of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

## OF STUDIES.

EXAMPLE  
43

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. (1561-1626.)

*Essays.*

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need *proyning* by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;



that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtile ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* (The studies pass into the manners.) Nay, there is no *stond* or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head ; and the like. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen ; for they are *cyminisectores* (splitters of hairs). If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

### EXERCISE XL. EXAMPLE 43.

#### OF STUDIES.

Bacon is the first of the great English Essayists. 'In substance,' says Professor Minto, 'the very quint-

essence of the worldly wisdom of his age, they (the Essays) have been most influential in the history of English Prose. They have fixed the form of one of our chief kinds of prose writing—the essay.’ That is to say, Bacon set the example of an ordered composition devoted to the demonstration of an Idea ‘in its quiddity’—in its essence, what it really *is*, and what are its relations, abstract and practical, with life. The Example deals with the Idea of Study; the idea, that is, underlying the acquisition of knowledge, from whatever source. It is as close woven in thought and word as it is possible for a composition to be; the language is charged with thought to its utmost capacity. It will be a useful exercise for the pupil to re-write the Example in other words; explaining Bacon’s conclusions upon the matter in a more extended form. Note the sturdy march of the rhythm, and the forcible phrase and epithet.

## A CHARACTER.

EXAMPLE  
44

Thomas Fuller. (1608-1661.)

*The Holy State: The Good Yeoman.*

THE good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined; and is the wax capable of a genteel impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon (who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man, for living privately on his own lands) would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry ‘a fortunate condition,’ living in the temperate zone betwixt greatness and want;

an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die, which hath no points between cinque and ace—nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeoman; but, by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher, to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman. . . .

EXAMPLE  
44 (a)

A CHARACTER.

Sir Thomas Overbury. (1581-1613.)

*The Characters : A Franklin.*

HIS outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentlemen) and ne'er see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, Go to field, but, Let us go; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's Ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is ne'er known to go to law; understanding, to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it: and that such men sleep as unquietly, as if their pillows were stuff with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect: they are indeed his almshouses, though *there be painted on them no such superscription: he*

never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of the lambs: nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety, but when he setteth snares for the snite or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July he goes to the next river, and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. Rock Monday, and the wake in summer, shrotings, the wakeful ketches on Christmas Eve, the hoky, or seed cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an eyry of hawks in his own grounds, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant, more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leaves his heir young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes, he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

## A CHARACTER.

EXAMPLE  
41 (b)

John Earle. (1601-1665.)

*Microcosmographie: A Vulgar-Spirited Man*

Is one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publicly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, Thus men say, and Thus most do, and Thus the world goes; and thinks this enough to poise the other.

That worships men in place, and those only, and thinks all a great man speaks oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the Pope and Spinola. One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar: and the best clothes the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses anything too deep for him. That cries Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a noble man's courtesy, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the King's hand, and cries 'God bless his Majesty' loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favour, and the first that says, Away with the traitors: yet struck with much ruth at executions, and for pity to see a man die, could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and the chief cause of his journey the bears: that measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of the corn; and conceives no harm of state, but ill trading. Within this compass, too, come those that are too much wedged into this world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things that call to thrive, to do well, and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and show you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want, a judgment for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a jail-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town-pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers madmen: in short, men that are carried away with all outwardness, shows, appearances, the stream, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

## EXERCISE XLI. EXAMPLES 44, 44 (a), 44 (b).

## A CHARACTER.

Here are Characters analysed and illustrated. The Ideas that govern the life and condition of one, who is representative and typical of a whole class, are discovered; and his action, as displayed in his opinions and conduct, is illustrated by Examples. The Examples are models of their kind. Let the pupil study them carefully; noting the skill of Selection manifest in the choice of characteristic details that suggest the whole; and the admirable Diction.

All men are governed by Ideas; by the notions in which they have been brought up, or which they acquire for themselves. Let the pupil take a representative of any class of life, or type of character, with which he is acquainted; and try to discover the set of Ideas which made his subject what he is; and let him illustrate his theme by carefully selected instances of these Ideas translated into action. Let him adopt, so far as possible, for the sake of the exercise and the gain to vocabulary, the terse, eloquent form of one or other of the Examples.

## MAN THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS.

EXAMPLE  
45

John Selden. (1584-1654.)

*Table Talk.*

WE measure from ourselves; and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them. Bring a pear to

the table that is rotten, we cry it down, 'tis naught ; but bring a medlar that is rotten, and 'tis a fine thing ; and yet I'll warrant you the pear thinks as well of itself as the medlar does.

We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets us'd to be), seeing an alderman with his gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn, said to one of his companions, 'Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks ? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse.'

Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves ; we measure his goodness, his justice, his wisdom, by something we call just, good, or wise in ourselves ; and in so doing, we judge proportionable to the country fellow in the play, who said if he were a King, he would live like a lord, and have peas and bacon every day, and a whip that cried slash.

#### EXERCISE XLII. EXAMPLE 45.

##### MAN THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS.

The author of this Example was the son of one of those yeomen, whose character is limned so skillfully in the preceding Examples. His essay is an illustration of the ancient maxim of philosophy, Man is the Measure of All Things. Let the pupil take that maxim for his Subject ; first inquiring if the maxim be sound ; then explaining the cause of its soundness. Let him then illustrate the Idea that is contained in the saying, by two or three instances of its working, as Selden does. Let him, as before, study and use as a model the Example before him.

## SLEEP.

EXAMP.  
46

Sir Thomas Browne. (1605-1682.)

*The Garden of Cyrus.*

BUT the quincunx of heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continueth precogitations; making cables of cobwebs, and wildernesses of handsome groves. Beside Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the oneiro-critical masters have left such frigid interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose.

Night, which Pagan theology could make the daughter of Chaos, affords no advantage to the description of order; although no lower than that mass can we derive its genealogy. All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again according to the ordainer of order and mystical mathematicks of the city of heaven.

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture, all shall awake again.



## EXERCISE XLIII. EXAMPLE 46.

## SLEEP.

The writings of Sir Thomas Browne, mystic and poet, contain some of the most wonderful effects of rhythm in the language. It is as an example of sonorous cadences in prose that the passage is cited. According to his biographer, the great Dr. Johnson learned much from Sir Thomas; and, among later masters of prose, Stevenson was a diligent student of his works.

Let the pupil study the Example with an attentive ear to the sound and fall of the vocables; until he can read the passage aloud with a proper accentuation and emphasis. For, although it be true that none but Sir Thomas Browne himself be competent to wield the tremendous instrument he forged for his own especial use; yet, since every one of us has in him something, though it be but a grain of it, that answers to the same quality in every one else; so, by the study of Sir Thomas Browne's work, we shall learn how to express that in us which answers to that which was in him; that little piece of the same stuff out of which Sir Thomas was made, which alone enables us even to comprehend his meaning.

## OF CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

EXAMP  
47

Sir Richard Steele. (1672[?]-1729.)

*The Spectator.**Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem  
Perpetuam, fœvis inter se convenit ursis.*—JUV.

MAN is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming our selves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the Name of *Clubs*. When a Sett of Men find themselves agree in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a Kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Account of such a Fantastick Resemblance. I know a considerable Market-Town, in which there was a Club of fat Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance; The Room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the Passage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this Club, tho' it consisted but of fifteen Persons, weighed above three Tun.

In Opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scar-crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Designs of their Bulky Brethren, whom they represented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and consequently

out of the Magistracy. These Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation ; that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs ; by which Means the principal Magistrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a Badge of Distinction, and made the Occasion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which used to meet at the Sign of the *George*, on *St. George's* Day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my inquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it ; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisie Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the price of House-Rent ; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniences for the future) had Thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together,

smoak their Pipes, and say nothing till Midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean, *the Club of Duelists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The President of it was said to have kill'd half a dozen in single Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the Number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side-Table, for such as had only drawn Blood, and shewn a laudable Ambition of taking the first Opportunity to qualify themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

Our Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat* it self is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averse to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When Men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the Business of the Day, by an innocent and chearful Conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

## EXERCISE XLIV. EXAMPLE 47.

## OF CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

In what manner shall man, being naturally a social animal, fulfil the behests of his nature? That is the Problem, part of whose Evolution is illustrated by Sir Richard Steele in his Essay on Clubs. Man fulfils himself in many ways; and one of them is, by composing himself into Clubs and Societies. Steele, who is gifted with both wit and humour, gives instances of the working of this natural tendency. Consider for a moment, What is humour? Your sense of humour is your perception of certain departures from, and incongruities with, a certain ideal standard which you unconsciously set up in your mind, and which you tacitly assume that others possess also. Humour is content to record the results of such power of perception; but wit drives home the record, tincturing it with a spice of malice. Apply these definitions to the case in point. Steele notes—or invents—illustrations, *humourous* illustrations, of his theme, and wittily records them. Then, study the construction of the Essay; its Introduction, Transition, and Conclusion; and its Diction, so correct, easy, elegant. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that no one who aspired to the acquisition of excellence in the art of composition, could afford to neglect the study of that form of the art, of which Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Joseph Addison were the exponents.

Let the pupil assume, for the sake of argument, the truth of the proposition that man is formed for the society of his fellows; and, without devoting too much attention to its analysis, let him note instances of its working that have fallen under his observation, and that impress his sense of humour. If he cannot readily recall such instances—let him invent them. Let him imitate in his composition the Diction of *The Spectator*. An excellent example of such imitation occurs in Thackeray's *Esmond*, where the Colonel forges a number of *The Spectator*. Indeed, the style of *Esmond* throughout is based upon the style in vogue in the days of Queen Anne.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER.

EXAMPLE  
48

Charles Lamb. (1775-1834.)

*The Essays of Elia : The Old and the New Schoolmaster.*

THE modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as

he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *molliæ tempora fandi*. He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe—that great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side than on the other.—Even a child, that 'plaything for an hour,' tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at *Shacklewell*—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly

take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accent of man's conversation. I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too often intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.—

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather, still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the



square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactive hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his co-evals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

#### EXERCISE XLV. EXAMPLE 48.

##### THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Here is an Example—as the author hints—of the Informal Essay. He sets his thoughts to ‘play freely round’ his subject, writing down his reflections as they come to him. He composes as he goes along; he writes much as he would talk; and so, the Diction is appropriately *conversational* Diction. This kind of writing, as it looks one of the easiest, so it is really one of the most difficult perfectly to execute. It has the art to conceal its art; and it is probable that a deal more of the labour of Selection and Disposition went to the making of Lamb’s *Essays* than is apparent upon the surface. That is what we have chiefly to remark in the Example: perfected *expression* achieved with an appearance of perfect ease;

which, in the making of any work, is the last and most difficult feat to accomplish. But, it is in the orderly - disorderly *arrangement* (Disposition) of Lamb's compositions that this merit is particularly manifest. His Diction is a little too 'meticulous' (to use an epithet of Sir Thomas Browne's) — too obviously chosen and picked, too 'precious' (as the modern slang has it), too evidently reminiscent of the author's wide acquaintance with the old English classics, to give the effect of perfect spontaneity. But, for that very reason, the *Essays* provide for our benefit a store of the neatest quotations.

Let the pupil take the same subject: the Character of the Schoolmaster, as he knows him; let him, as it were, converse familiarly thereon, yet keeping a strict eye to the choice of words; setting his notions as they come to him. Then, let him arrange the different parts of his composition only in so far as may be necessary to avoid the effect of chaos; and, finally, let him compare the result with the Example, and draw his own conclusions.

## THE HEROES OF ROMANCE.

EXAMPLE

49

William Hazlitt. (1778-1830.)

*Sketches and Essays: Why the Heroes of Romances are Insipid.*

BECAUSE it is taken for granted that they must be amiable and interesting, in the first instance, which, like other things that are taken for granted, is but indifferently, or indeed cannot be, made out at all in the sequel. To put

it to the proof, to give illustrations of it, would be to throw a doubt upon the question. They have only to show themselves to ensure conquest. Indeed, the reputation of their victories goes before them, and is a pledge of their success before they even appear. They are, or are supposed to be, so amiable, so handsome, so accomplished, so captivating, that all hearts bow before them, and all the women are in love with them without knowing why or wherefore, except that it is understood that they are to be so. All obstacles vanish without a finger lifted or a word spoken, and the effect is produced without a blow being struck. When there is this imaginary charm at work, everything they could do or say must weaken the impression, like arguments brought in favour of a self-evident truth : they very wisely say or do little or nothing, rely on their names and the author's good word, look, smile, and are adored ; but to all but the heroine's of romance and their confidantes, are exceedingly uninteresting and *commonplace* personages, either great coxcombs or wonderfully insipid. When a lover is able to look unutterable things which produce the desired effect, what occasion for him to exert his eloquence or make an impassioned speech, in order to bring about a revolution in his favour, which is already accomplished by other less doubtful means ? When the impression at first sight is complete and irresistible, why throw away any farther thoughts or words to make it more so ? This were 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to smooth the ice, to throw a perfume on the violet, or add another hue unto the rainbow, or seek with taper-light the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,' which has been pronounced to be 'wasteful and superfluous excess.' Authors and novel writers therefore reserve for their second-rate and less prominent characters the artillery of words, the arts of persuasion, and all the unavailing battery of hopeless attentions and fine sentiment, which are of no use to the

more accomplished gallant, who makes his triumphant approaches by stolen glances and breathing sighs, and whose appearance alone supersedes the disclosure of all his other implied perfections and an importunate display of a long list of titles to the favour of the fair, which, as they are not insisted on, it would be vain and unbecoming to produce to the gaze of the world or for the edification of the curious reader. It is quite enough if the lady is satisfied with her choice, and if (as generally happens both as a cause and consequence in such cases) the gentleman is satisfied with himself. If he indeed seemed to entertain a doubt upon the subject, the spell of his fascination would be broken, and the author would be obliged to derogate from the *beau ideal* of his character, and make him do something to deserve the good opinion that might be entertained of him, and to which he himself had not led the way by boundless self-complacency and the conscious assurance of infallible success.

#### EXERCISE XLVI. EXAMPLE 49.

##### THE HEROES OF ROMANCE.

Here is an Example of the work of that eminent essayist, William Hazlitt. What is the character of most heroes of romance? is the Problem underlying the Essay. The author's preliminary analysis reveals to him that they own one characteristic in common: Insipidity. It is this truth (as he deems it) that he proceeds to demonstrate by citing illustrations of their conduct, with which all who read romances must needs be familiar. Note the direct Introduction; the skilful Disposition and Transition, which are so contrived that the reader's attention is in-

sensibly carried from point to point without a break. The Diction has a touch of the Johnsonian tradition; yet, is it aptly and exactly fitted to the sentiments of Hazlitt.

Let the pupil take for his Subject,—The Heroes of Romance; let him analyse their character, as it appears to him; let him select one characteristic of which they all in some degree partake; and let him demonstrate the truth of his observation, as Hazlitt does, by citing instances of their acts and words. Romance, as we understand the term, conveys a wider signification now than it carried in the time of Hazlitt; and, though his criticism still in a measure holds good, the pupil will speedily discover that there are other points of view to maintain.

EXAMPLE  
50

William Makepeace Thackeray. (1811-1863.)

*Roundabout Papers: De Finibus.*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly; he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him.

Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of 'Pendennis,' written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man:—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. 'Sir,' said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, 'Sir,' I said, 'may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?'—

'*Bedad, ye may,*' says he, '*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*' Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an Army Agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police-court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits and water I know I did; but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognisance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the 'Wizard of the North.' What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather-stocking were to glide silently in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not *see each other* very often, but when we do, we are ever

happy to meet. I had a capital half-hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when 'Finis' had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbour Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold 'Finis' itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

#### EXERCISE XLVII. EXAMPLE 50.

##### DE FINIBUS.

Here is another admirable example of the Informal Essay. You may like Mr. Thackeray's writings, or not, as you please—there is but one conclusion possible as to his merits as a writer of the English tongue. Thackeray was absolute master of the art of conversational writing. He writes as he would talk—excellently well, with a wonderful easy charm. Words and phrases owe him a sort of natural obedience.



He has perfected *for himself* the art of expression, and for that very reason, his Diction is no model for us. Because he shaped his style so cunningly to fit *himself*; intimately to reflect and exactly to express his own particular personality; his style is not for our adoption; we, who are none of us Thackeray. But, what he did, is what we must try to do. Each of us has to make his own individual style. That is the only way to become, what people call, Original; and originality is the only thing that counts. Doubtless, Thackeray learned of other men; and especially of the men of the eighteenth century, little bits of whose work we have been studying too. But, out of the great storehouse of material that stands free to all, he contrived to fashion his own instrument, that, perfectly serving his uses, must of necessity fail in any other hands. And, speaking generally, we may say that, in so far as a writer is content to use the language of his generation, and to fit his sentiments to the prevailing fashion of his time, you may safely borrow from him. But, the moment he begins to impress his style with the stamp of originality, you must beware; lest you become a mere base, mechanical copyist, a servile imitator; lest, instead of training *yourself*, you nurture an ape and a zany.

Alexandre Dumas, the great French romancer (to whom our author refers in the Example), used to say of his ideas, that he took them where he found them. Ideas are common property; so long as you treat the *subjects* they suggest in your own way, you may

appropriate the notions of other men as freely as you please. So with the means of the expression of ideas. Upon condition that you honestly adapt the means devised by greater men, to your own modest purposes, you may take what you want and go on taking. But, at the same time, you are to remember the warning of a French writer of great technical skill. It is not so much, he said, that we want to acquire many rare and precious words; it is the skill to bend to our uses the words of common life, with which every one is familiar, that we need.

For a last word: Let the aspirant be of good cheer. Has he not learned (at least) from these Examples, how that it is really and credibly within the power of an industrious person to master the Art of Expression? And, after all, we are not left quite alone; we are not entirely abandoned to our own devices. For, as the author of *De Finibus*—this our last Example—tells us, it sometimes ‘seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen.’

## VI.

## SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Some Aspects of my Favourite Author.                            | the Life of Contemplation.                |
| 2. On the Difference between a Photograph and an original Picture. | 26. On the Fear of Death.                 |
| 3. Pleasant Days and Unpleasant.                                   | 27. The Love of Animals.                  |
| 4. On Growing Old.   | 28. On the Choice of a Profession.        |
| 5. On Taste in Dress.  | 29. The Age of Chivalry.                  |
| 6. The Pleasures of Hope.  | 30. On Reading.                           |
| 7. The Pleasures and Pains of Imagination.                         | 31. <i>Ars longa, vita brevis.</i>        |
| 8. Town and Country Life Compared.                                 | 32. Novelists of the Day.                 |
| 9. An English Village.   | 33. The First Day of the Holidays.        |
| 10. A Cathedral Town.  | 34. Life considered as a Journey.         |
| 11. A Manufacturing Town.  | 35. On Romance.                           |
| 12. On the Four Seasons.   | 36. On Riding.                            |
| 13. On Travelling by Rail.   | 37. On Physical Exercise.                 |
| 14. The Attraction of Beauty.                                      | 38. On Travelling by Sea.                 |
| 15. On Proverbs and Maxims.  | 39. Wayside Inns.                         |
| 16. On Bullying at School.   | 40. Her Majesty's Mail.                   |
| 17. On Questions of Taste.   | 41. The Arbitrament of War.               |
| 18. On Talk and Conversation.                                      | 42. On Ghost Stories.                     |
| 19. On Wit and Humour.   | 43. Manners and Customs.                  |
| 20. On Prejudice.  | 44. On Boredom.                           |
| 21. On Loyalty and Patriotism.                                     | 45. On Friendship.                        |
| 22. On Doorsteps.  | 46. Some Aspects of the Modern Newspaper. |
| 23. On Foreign Travel.   | 47. That all Loss is only Change.         |
| 24. On Staying at Home.  | 48. On Telling the Truth.                 |
| 25. <i>The Life of Action and</i>                                  | 49. An occasion of National Rejoicing.    |
|  | 50. On the Writing of Essays.             |

## VII.

## METHOD OF TREATMENT.

Having selected a Subject, the first process in its Treatment is to analyse the meaning of the terms in which it is expressed; and although, at first sight, this may sometimes seem an unnecessary labour, a little reflection will show its necessity. To take, as an example, Subject 1:—*Some aspects of my favourite author*. What is an 'aspect' of an author? It is a particular feature of the work of such author (the author and his work being referred to as one and the same, in accordance with a common usage) that especially impresses you. What do we mean by 'impresses'? We mean that a certain emotion—feeling, sentiment—is aroused in your mind. And what does the word 'favourite' (qualifying author) mean? That we esteem the author in question above other authors. What, then, is an 'author'? One who writes. Is that the sole difference between an author and other men? Because if it be, then we might all become authors, by merely setting ourselves to write. But, clearly this is not the case. What, then, is that quality in an author which distinguishes him from his fellow-men? Is it not the faculty of being able to see more, and to feel more deeply than other men? We may, I think, take that for granted. But, if this be so, it is evident that the quality for which we esteem his work does not reside entirely in

the subjects of which he is writing, but is part of the author himself. This also, it seems, must be granted. Then we come to the conclusion that we esteem an author for what he gives us *of himself*, and not only on account of the material *by means of which* he somehow conveys to us something of himself. For, the material out of which he fashions his work is common to all; and often the stories that we like best are those which deal with subjects familiar to us.

The meaning of the terms in which the subject is stated is now clear. We may prove this by putting it in other words, thus:—‘Some description of the impression produced upon me by certain passages in the writings of an author whom I esteem above other authors, because of certain qualities in him that are peculiar to himself.’ Our investigation into the meaning of the subject, as stated at first, has, you see, brought us the first step on the way to that complete analysis of the subject, which is to become the demonstration of a truth or an idea—which is an Essay.

The next step is now clearly indicated. What we have to do is, evidently, to convey the impression which certain passages in the writings of the author has produced upon your mind, to the mind of your reader. To this end, will it suffice merely to quote the passages in question? No. Why not? Because the mind of your reader is certain to be constituted in a manner slightly different from your own; and, that being so, any impression which is produced upon *his mind*, must of necessity be slightly different to

that which is produced upon your own. But, you want to produce upon his mind the *same* impression; that is, the *impression of your impression*; you want to show him how *you* feel, in order that he may, so far as in him lies, feel likewise. What, then, must you add to your author? Yourself. Just as the author added himself to his material, and so produced an impression upon you, so must you add yourself to the author, in order to produce an impression upon your reader.

We have now clearly before us *what* we have to do. The next question is, How to do it? Let us call to our aid the Four Essential Factors: Invention, Selection, Disposition, Diction. Ask Invention (acting as part Memory, part Imagination) to bring before your mind those passages in the works of the author in question which most strongly impressed you when you perused them; next, require Selection to weed out everything in the material with which Invention has provided you, that does not seem to be of direct use in building up the effect you require; and to keep you (in a short Essay) to one point of view *only*; then, set Disposition to work to arrange the Introduction, Exposition, and Conclusion, to connect them logically together, and to order the different parts in the Exposition—the body of the Essay—so as to achieve the greatest possible clearness and force of presentation. Finally, attend to the Diction: take each sentence, and delete all superfluous words; and take each word, weigh it, and satisfy yourself

that it is the only possible word to be set in that exact place, to convey that precise signification.

A little example is worth a deal of precept. Take the following Example (51), as a model of an unique beauty and excellence. It is an appreciation by a poet of our own day of the work of a poet of long ago; that is, the expression of the particular value which the writings of one man have for another; and we may note how the very terms in which that value is expressed, do, in their turn, add inexpressibly to the beauty and significance of the work itself. And take also (if you like) Example 50, the paragraph beginning 'They used to call' and ending 'in Green Arbour Court.'

EXAMPLE  
51

AN APPRECIATION.

William Ernest Henley.

*Views and Reviews: Herrick.*

HIS MUSE IN Herrick the air is fragrant with new-mown hay; there is a morning light upon all things; long shadows streak the grass, and on the eglantine swinging in the hedge the dew lies white and brilliant. Out of the happy distance comes a shrill and silvery sound of whetting scythes; and from the near brookside rings the laughter of merry maids in circle to make cowslipballs and babble of their bachelors. As you walk you are conscious of 'the grace that morning meadows wear,' and mayhap you may meet Amaryllis going home to the farm with an apronful of flowers. . . . For her singer has an eye in his head, and exquisite as are his fancies, he dwells in no land of shadows. *The more clearly he sees a thing, the better he sings it;*

and provided that he do see it, nothing is beneath the caress of his muse. The bays and rosemary that wreath the hall at Yule, the log itself, the Candlemas box, the hock-cart and the maypole. . . . And not only does he listen to the 'clecking' of his hen, and know what it means: he knows, too, that the egg she has laid is long and white; so that ere he enclose it in his verse you can see him take it in his hand, and look at it with a sort of boyish wonder and delight. This freshness of spirit, this charming and innocent curiosity, he carries into all he does. He can turn a sugared compliment with the best. . . . So that though Julia and Dianeme and Anthea have passed away, though Corinna herself is merely 'a fable, a song, a fleeting shade,' he has saved enough of them from the ravin of Time for us to love and be grateful for eternally. Their gracious ghosts abide in a peculiar nook of the Elysium of Poesy. There 'in their habit as they lived' they dance in round, they fill their laps with flowers, they frolic and junket sweetly, they go for ever maying. Soft winds blow round them, and in their clear young voices they sing the verse of the rare artist who called them from the multitude, and set them for ever where they are.

And Amaryllis herself will not, mayhap, be found so HIS MORAL fair as those younglings of the year she bears with her in 'wicker ark' or 'lawny continent.' Herrick is pre-eminently the poet of flowers. He alone were capable of bringing back

'Le bouquet d'Ophélie  
De la rive inconnue où les flots l'ont laissé.'

He knows and loves the dear blossoms all. He considers them with tender and shining eyes, he culls them his sweetest fancies and his fondest metaphors. Their idea is inseparable from that of his girls themselves, and it is by the means of the one set of mistresses that he is able so well to understand the other. The flowers are maids



to him, and the maids are flowers. In an ecstasy of tender contemplation he turns from those to these, exemplifying Julia from the rose and pitying the hapless violets as though they were indeed not blooms insensitve but actually 'poor girls neglected.' His pages breathe their clean and innocent perfumes, and are beautiful with the chaste beauty of their colour, just as they carry with them something of the sweetness and simplicity of maidenhood itself. And from both he extracts the same pathetic little moral: both are lovely, and both must die. And so, between his virgins, that are for love indeed, and those that sit silent and delicious in the 'flowery nunnery,' the old singer finds life so good a thing that he dreads to lose it, and not all his piety can remove the passionate regret with which he sees things hastening to their end. . . .

## VIII.

### NOTES ON TRANSITION AND DICTION.

A chief difficulty to be overcome by the beginner, is Transition; the passing easily from point to point of his composition, the linking together of its component parts. Every sentence, and every part of a sentence, as conveying a new piece of the whole; every paragraph, as conveying a parcel of such pieces, all of the same kind; must be linked to the preceding and succeeding paragraph, both logically and verbally; and the Introduction, Exposition, and Conclusion must be joined together in like manner. The difficulty is thus twofold; in the first place, the various parts of the meaning must be naturally connected; in the second, the particular words with *which to form the links* must be discovered. The

first part of the difficulty may be met by the aid of Disposition; which finds the natural order of arrangement. The second, by the use of adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and conjunctive phrases; such as:—when, how, thus, here, indeed, truly, hence, meantime, meanwhile, therefore, until, for, but, notwithstanding, or, either, neither, nor, although, since, moreover, however, besides, and, that, so that, in order to, by means of, etc.

Let the pupil select an Example, and pick out for himself the methods of Transition; noting, first, how the shades of meaning merge one into the other; and, secondly, the words in which they are expressed, when the sense requires a word or phrase *whose only use* is to connect them. Take, for instance, Example 52. The Transitions are italicised. Note that the actual linking word is sometimes placed in the body of the sentence:—‘Authors and novel-writers *therefore* reserve . . .’ (*Therefore* [or, *therefore it is that*] authors and novel-writers reserve . . .): for, the words of a sentence must be ordered with as much regard to sound as to sense; so that each harmonises with and sets off the other.

## THE HEROES OF ROMANCE.

EXAMPLE  
52

William Hazlitt. (1778-1830.)

*Sketches and Essays: Why the Heroes of Romances are Insipid.*

*Because* it is taken for granted that they must be amiable and interesting, in the first instance, *which*, like other

things that are taken for granted, is but indifferently, or indeed cannot be, made out at all in the sequel. *To put it to the proof, to give illustrations of it,* would be to throw a doubt upon the question. (*For*) They have only to show themselves to ensure conquest. (*And*) *Indeed*, the reputation of their victories goes before them, *and* is a pledge of their success before they even appear. (*And*) They are, or are supposed to be, *so amiable, so handsome, so accomplished, so captivating, that* all hearts bow before them, *and* all the women are in love with them *without* knowing why or wherefore, *except* that it is understood that they are to be so. All obstacles vanish *without* a finger lifted or a word spoken, and the effect is produced without a blow being struck. *When there is this* imaginary charm at work, everything they could do or say must weaken the impression, *like* arguments brought in favour of a self-evident truth: (*and*) they very wisely say or do little or nothing, rely on their names and the author's good word, look, smile, *and* are adored; *but* to all but the heroines of romance and their confidantes, are exceedingly uninteresting and commonplace personages, *either* great coxcombs or wonderfully insipid. *When* a lover is able to look unutterable things *which* produce the desired effect, *what* occasion for him to exert his eloquence or make an impassioned speech, *in order to* bring about a revolution in his favour, *which* is already accomplished by other less doubtful means? *When* the impression at first sight is complete and irresistible, *why* throw away any farther thoughts or words to make it more so? *This were* 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to smooth the ice, to throw a perfume on the violet, or add another hue unto the rainbow, or seek with taper-light the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,' *which has been pronounced to be* 'wasteful and superfluous excess.' Authors and novel-writers *therefore* reserve for their second-rate and less prominent characters the artillery of words, (*and*) the arts

of persuasion, *and* all the unavailing battery of hopeless attentions and fine sentiment, *which* are of no use to the more accomplished gallant, *who* makes his triumphant approaches by stolen glances and breathing sighs, *and* whose appearance alone supersedes the disclosure of all his other implied perfections *and* an importunate display of a long list of titles to the favour of the fair, *which*, as they are not insisted on, *it would be* vain and unbecoming to produce to the gaze of the world *or for* the edification of the curious reader. *It is quite enough if* the lady is satisfied with her choice, *and if* (as generally happens both as a cause and consequence in such cases) the gentleman is satisfied with himself. *If he indeed* seemed to entertain a doubt upon the subject, the spell of his fascination would be broken, *and* the author would be obliged to derogate from the beau ideal of his character, *and* make him do something to deserve the good opinion *that* might be entertained of him, *and to which* he himself had not led the way by boundless self-complacency *and* the conscious assurance of infallible success.

A further difficulty the beginner finds in the limited scope of his vocabulary. This must be enlarged, both by continuous reading, and by the study of individual words and their synonyms. After the completion of an exercise, a certain number of words should be selected from the exercise, and also from the Example, and the pupil should be requested to define them, to give derivations, and to furnish as many synonyms as he can, *without* the use of a dictionary. His work having been corrected and amplified by the teacher, the pupil should learn the whole by heart. For this purpose, the Examples

drawn from the older classics are especially useful; providing a store of excellent old words, and illustrations of the laws of philological change; from which the pupil may begin to acquire an expert knowledge of correct usage.

## IX.

### HINTS TO EXAMINATION CANDIDATES.

Have faith in your own powers; remembering that you have only to do now that which you have done, and done well (very likely), many times. Read the paper of subjects through slowly and carefully. Select the subject which seems to you the easiest to treat. Then divide the time you have allotted for the paper into three parts; the first, for reflection (beginning with the analysis of the terms in which the subject is conveyed), and the jotting-down of notes; the second, for writing the draft; the third, for corrections, and for making a fair copy; allowing not less than ten minutes for transcribing a foolscap page. Confine yourself strictly to the limits of the divisions of the time allowed, which you have allotted for the several processes, even though you must break off in the middle of a sentence. It is better to get half a page as good as you can make it, than hastily to write six times as much. For, the examiner is now desirous, not so much of testing your knowledge as, of testing your powers of *thought* and expression. Concentrate your whole

## HINTS TO EXAMINATION CANDIDATES 225

attention upon your task; and (if you suffer from nervousness) you will find your nervousness presently disappear. Do not hurry your mind; for it is impossible to produce good work in a hurry. *Festina lente*. And, finally, remember that a clear handwriting is but the courtesy which is always due to your reader; and that, upon this occasion, your reader is one who has particular reason for appreciating this little amenity.

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